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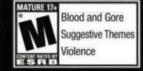


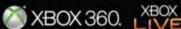




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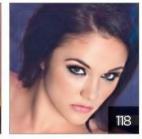














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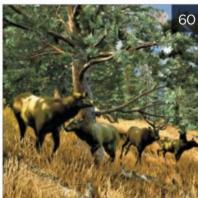
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Horny Hookup



had been crushing on Hank, a bartender at my favorite hangout, for more than a year. Last week, I finally gave in to my growing lust and slipped him my phone number. A few days later, he called, saying he wanted to take me to dinner.

Hank picked me up the following night and we went to a small, dimly lit bistro. We had a great time, with me flirting my ass off, and Hank loving it. By the time we finished eating, the air was thick with sexual tension. I wasn't surprised when he invited me back to his place.

In the parking lot, he pulled me toward him and kissed me—softly at first, then with mounting passion. I pressed into him and felt the thick ridge of his cock against my mound. Things were getting hot and heavy until the spell was broken by the sound of another car's door closing. We got into his car and headed for his place. Along the way, I gently stroked his cock through his pants, getting him so worked up that he could barely keep his eyes on the road.

As soon as we got in the door,

we started making out again and he guided me to the couch. Hank unbuttoned my blouse, unhooked my bra, and ran his fingers over my aching nipples. He kissed me once more before leading me into the bedroom.

He helped me out of the rest of my clothes and kissed me all over, licking and sucking my sensitive nipples before making his way down my belly and thighs, then back up to my soaked pussy. He started licking my inner thighs and tickling my skin with his tongue. Then he stopped to sample my pussy, lapping at my clit until I just about lost it. At the same time he fingered my juicy cunt, making me moan and squirm as I came again and again.

Now it was his turn. I eased Hank onto his back, planting kisses all over him, working my way down his torso, but stopping inches from his cock. Teasingly, I brushed my fingers and tongue over his cock and balls.

I slowly lowered my pussy onto his cock and rode him like he wanted hard and deep—while he talked dirty to me. making him groan. I slowly licked around the head, savoring the taste of pre-come that oozed from the tip. Pressing my lips tightly around his cock, I pumped him with one hand while tickling his balls with the other. His cock was so hard that I knew he was ready to fuck. So was I.

I straddled Hank's hips and slowly lowered my pussy onto his cock, savoring the sensation of being filled to the max. It was pure heaven! I started doing a slow grind, rotating my pelvis in a circular motion, but he was beyond that. He grabbed my hips and began raising me up and downhard. I quickly got with the program and rode him like he wanted me tohard and deep—while he talked dirty to me. I fell forward onto his chest, rolled over so I lay on my back next to him, and told him to get on top. He lifted my legs onto his shoulders and teased me by rubbing his cock up and down my soaking-wet pussy. When he finally thrust his cock into my dripping hole, I had an instant, mindbending orgasm. Fucking Hank was like nothing I'd ever experienced.

After I had finished screaming with delight, I took his face in my hands. When I kissed him, I tasted myself on his lips. I loved it so much, I had to have more.

I went back to sucking Hank's cock, but I wanted him inside me again. I told him to take me doggie-style. Once I was on my hands and knees, he drove his cock hard into me from behind. I was moaning so loud, I could only hope that the walls of the condo were thick enough to muffle my enthusiasm.

When Hank said he was almost there, I turned around to face him so I could suck him off. Then I finally got my dessert. He came so hard and for so long, I thought he'd never stop. What a man! Hank pulled me down on top of his chest. Spent, we both fell asleep.

In the morning, we showered, but that only made us horny again. I ended up indulging in another sexfilled encounter with my new lover all the next day and night.—L.J., Florida

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penthouse forum

X-RATED BIRTHDAY

My husband was about to turn 30, and I wanted to do something for him that he'd never forget.

I treated him to dinner at a five-star restaurant, and during our meal I told him that I had several more surprises in store. I took his hand and slid it up my skirt, enjoying the look on his face when he discovered I hadn't worn panties. That little stunt was enough to make Gary rush through the remainder of dinner to find out what else I had planned.

When we arrived back home, I told him to give me a couple of minutes to change before joining me in the bedroom for another surprise. Gary could hardly wait. Per my instructions, he removed all of his clothes except his boxers. After several minutes, he came into the bedroom and found me lying naked on the bed, holding my favorite vibrator. I told him to sit in the chair next to the bed.

Gary smiled, thinking I was going to give him my usual slut show, which I reserve for very special occasions. He didn't know that I was about to fulfill one of his favorite fantasies. I got up from the bed and stood behind him. Letting my hands roam across his chest, I leaned down and said in my sexiest voice, "I have a brand-new show for you tonight."

Then my friend Maria walked in. We walked toward each other and kissed, long and deep. The look on Gary's face was pure lust, and the bulge in his shorts was the biggest I'd ever seen.

Maria grabbed my hand and led me back to the bed. Although I had never done anything like this before, I'd certainly thought about it. When I had told Maria what I had in mind for Gary's birthday, she had eagerly volunteered her services and we had immediately begun plotting.

Maria wasted no time. She began sucking on my tits and rolling her tongue over my erect nipples. She grabbed the vibrator I'd left on the bed, turned it on, and worked it in and out of my pussy. Then she removed it and began finger-fucking me, all the while swirling her tongue around my sensitive nipples. She took her time, licking and sucking her way down to my pussy, making me squirm and writhe. As soon as her tongue found my love button, I felt a wave of heat rush through me, and I had my first



orgasm of the evening.

I couldn't believe how much I was enjoying what Maria was doing. She seemed to know exactly how to make me hot. While she thrust her tongue in and out of my pussy, I played with my nipples and felt another orgasm building.

When I looked over at Gary, his boxers were on the floor. He was watching us and jerking himself off. What a sight! I was already so close, it wouldn't take much more to push me over the edge. Just then, Maria pushed one finger deep inside my tight ass while continuing to tonguefuck my pussy, and that was it. I came hard, soaking her face with my juices.

Once I'd recovered from my orgasm, I pushed Gary back on the bed and took his cock into my mouth. I worked my tongue up and down

As soon as her tongue found my love button, I felt a wave of heat rush through me, and I had my first orgasm.

before engulfing every inch. Gary started fucking my mouth, and I knew he wouldn't last much longer. I love sucking Gary's cock so much that it was hard to stop, but I wanted to feel his dick deep inside me.

I straddled him and lowered myself onto his cock. "Oh, yes! Fuck me, fuck me hard!" I screamed. We were thrusting against each other as hard as we could. Maria was moaning next to me, watching us and fingering herself to orgasm.

Gary's thrusts were getting deeper and harder. "Oh, God! I'm coming, baby!" I screamed, in the throes of an out-of-body, lose-my-mind orgasm. Gary bellowed that he was coming, too. We let loose together, and he filled me with his warm come. When he slid out of me, our combined juices ran down our thighs.

Gary pulled me next to him and gave me a deep, passionate kiss. When we broke the kiss, I said, "Happy birthday, baby!"-C.J., Colorado

More letters on page 128





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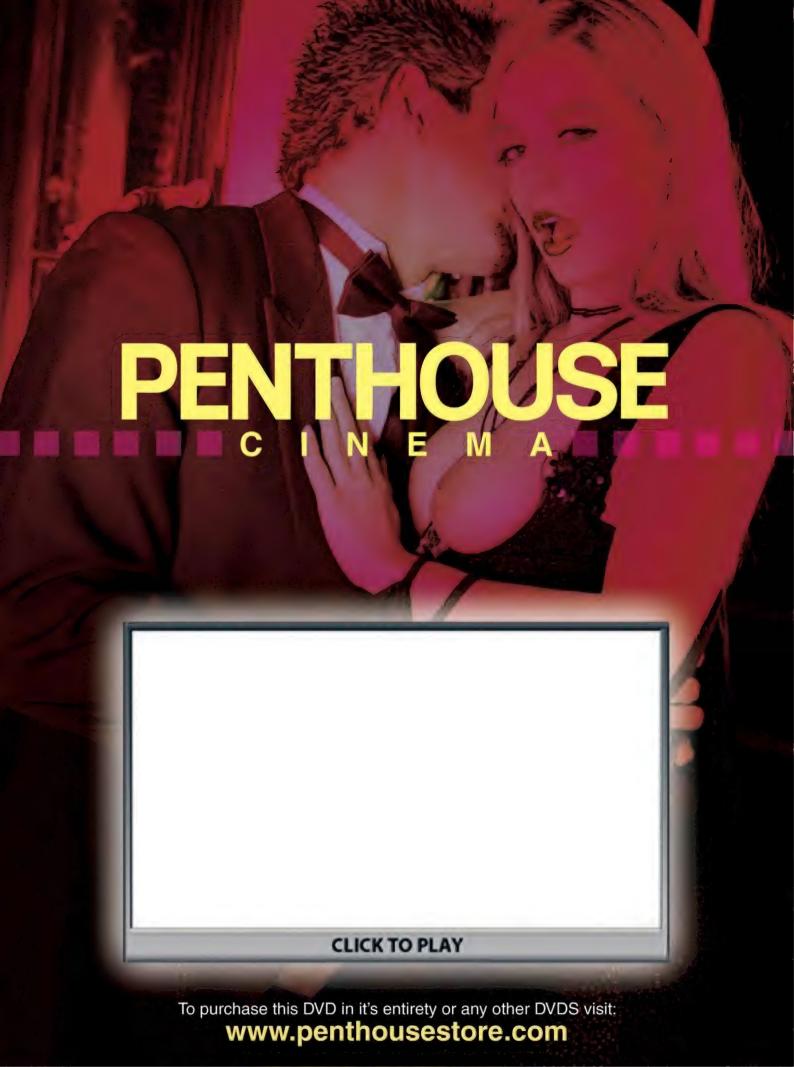
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INVESTING IN BONDS

Skyfall, the latest James Bond flick—starring Daniel Craig and Bond girl Bérénice Marlohe—is the 23rd installment of the franchise, which celebrates its 50th anniversary this year.



Fulf-rontal REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT













Lincoln

Daniel Day-Lewis, Sally Field,
Tommy Lee Jones

Ready for another revelatory performance by Day-Lewis? Early images from the set suggest he has an eerie likeness to the 16th President (seriously, it's good enough for a shiny penny). Given the actor's dignified voice, his charisma, and what should be more than a few stirring monologues, an Oscar nod seems well within the range of possibility here. But can director Steven Spielberg rein in the goo that turned his previous slavery drama, Amistad, into a "give us free!" mess? A tight script by Pulitzer Prize-winner Tony Kushner (Angels in America) should help matters, along with, possibly, Field as a fierce Mary Todd Lincoln. Let's hope it doesn't feel too much like a history lesson.



Red Dawn Chris Hemsworth, Isabel Lucas, Josh Hutcherson

Patrick Swayze fans could fly into a rage, but this remake of the laughable, lovable 1984 invasion movie ought to be a vast improvement. How could it not? *Thor*'s likable Hemsworth is more lighthearted than the late *Ghost* star, the trailer is packed with endearingly dumb action heroics, and the villain was altered in postproduction from the Red Chinese to the hiss-worthy North Koreans (a smart change, given the importance of foreign box office). If possible, watch this with a midnight crowd of furious Tea Partiers—the kind who insist they can see Russia from their house.

REVIEWS



Silver Linings Playbook
Robert De Niro, Bradley Cooper,

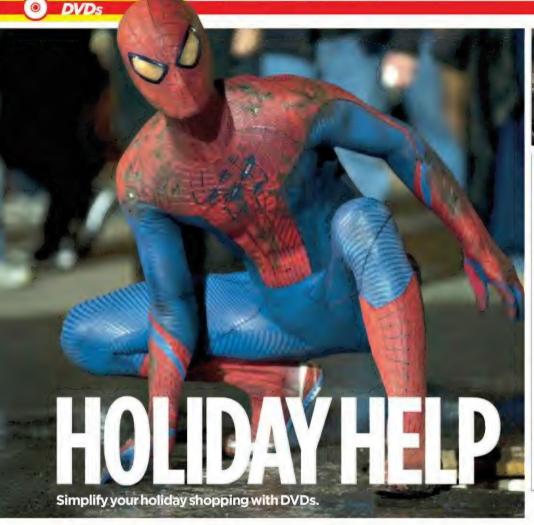
Director David O. Russell did a complete career rethink with The Fighter, which was warm and approachable where his other films were prickly. His new one goes even further in that direction: Cooper dives into uncharted comic territory as a psychologically unwell schoolteacher who leaves a mental institution hoping to turn his life around. Guiding him to an upswing are a drama-drenched widow (Lawrence), and the good vibes of a beautifully observed Philly neighborhood. Football fans will enjoy De Niro's Eagles-obsessed patriarch, throwing a Hail Mary pass to his son's better impulses. Brimming with domestic noise like a modern-day Moonstruck, the movie galvanizes crowds. See it.



Rust and Bone Marion Cotillard, Matthias

If we can't get you excited to see this year's *The Wrestler*, a French-made romance with tons of heart and bare-knuckle brawn, then consider this: It's got large helpings of amputee sex (hotter than you might think). Okay, perv? And the amputee, her legs removed with seamless digital artistry, is *Inception*'s beguiling Cotillard. While her character's orca-related trauma still haunts her, she becomes a bouncer's lucky charm, turning him into an honorable guy. Then she becomes his kickboxing manager. It all sounds more than a little ridiculous, but, somehow, they pull it off.

Fulf-rontal REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT





THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Forget the Sam Raimi movies with Tobey Maguire: this is more of a parallel storyline, from a separate series of comics. It's a new origin story in which a more serious Peter Parker (Andrew Garfield) tries to find out what happened to his parents, and boasts a new love interest, Gwen Stacy, played by the delectable Emma Stone. The Blu-ray/DVD combo pack includes a Second Screen App that puts bonus content onto your tablet while you watch the film, 90 minutes of behind-the-scenes featurettes, deleted scenes, and an Oscorp Archives image gallery. The Blu-ray 3-D combo pack includes the film in 3-D, of course, plus an additional featurette on the 3-D techniques that were used. There's even a limitededition gift set of the 3-D package that comes with Spider-Man and Lizard collectibles.

Bad-Boy Box Sets

Rescue Me: The Complete Series • Entourage: The Complete Series • House: The Complete Series



enis Leary's post-9/11 firefighter drama, Rescue Me. was thought-provoking, insightful, and full of drunken antics from one of our favorite antiheroes. Start at the beginning, of course, and when you need a break from the drama, check out the deleted scenes and gag reels. It's clear that the cast and crew enjoyed working together, and developed into the same kind of close-knit team that real firefighters do. You can also save some cash by watching the series on Crackle, but you'll only get through season four in 2012. The final seasons won't air till February and March.

The Entourage set brings together every fight, every fuck-up,

and every celebrity cameo-not to mention the most hot-chick tits and ass seen on TV. Bonus features from season releases are here, including an interview with Penthouse Pet Sasha Grey, but no word on any new extras.

The House set accomplishes the same goal, providing every episode of all eight seasons in one package. And once you get past the notion that this entire team of doctors works on one patient at a time, sit back and enjoy the sarcastic, caustic bedside manner of TV's most entertaining doctor. We were disappointed by the lack of new features, but the show's fans are kind of rabid. They won't care.

HOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (*THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN*) SONY PICTURES HOME ENTERTAINMENT, RESCUEME) EVERETT COLLECTION, (HOUSE) UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOME ENTERTAINMENT

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TV Flashbacks

The Fugitive: The Most Wanted Edition • Charlie's Angels: The Complete Series • Friends: The Complete Series • Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: The Complete Classic Series Collection

o old-school Fugitive for your dad, uncle, or brother with the original Richard Kimble and that dastardly one-armed man. You'll find all four seasons here, so every close call, every carefully sought-out clue, every glimpse of a coattail disappearing around a corner.

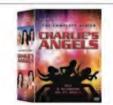
Take your mother or sister down memory lane with *Charlie's Angels*, the classic seventies girl-power jiggle-fest. Who doesn't want to watch sexy ladies in skimpy outfits kicking ass and taking names?

Your girlfriend might not ever bug you again about hanging with your buddies instead of her if you give her something as time-consuming as the *Friends* series set to entertain herself. She'll have every episode from all ten seasons (that's more than 110 hours) and 17 hours of previously released bonuses, plus more than three hours of new features, including cast appearances, unaired footage, and retrospective documentaries.

Treat yourself with a major *TMNT* smackdown. Get all ten seasons with the animated half-shell heroes, packaged in a totally tubular version of the turtles' van.











Movie Must-Haves

Indiana Jones: The Complete Adventures • Lethal Weapon Collection • Bond 50

e know, you already own, well, all of these, in one form or another. Sorry, but it's time to step up to high-definition. The Indiana Jones movies, for instance, have been completely reengineered, and despite a few soft images in the first two, they're well worth the upgrade. There's only so much remastering can do for 30-year-old special effects, after all, and we're talking a few minor issues. Steven Spielberg and George Lucas have put together one hell of a package here, with previously released material, plus two new documentaries: "The Making of Raiders of the Lost Ark," a 58-minute vintage electronic press kit with behind-the-scenes footage and interviews with Lucas and Spielberg; and "On Set With Raiders of the Lost Ark," a two-part featurette with vintage footage and interviews, outtakes, alternate takes, and deleted scenes.

The Lethal Weapon series is arguably the best series of buddy movies ever made. Danny Glover

and a pre-meltdown Mel Gibson are perfect foils for each other, and the supporting cast—including Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Chris Rock—is excellent. Savor each and every explosion, wisecrack, and shoot-out, and don't forget to make up some drinking games. The possibilities are almost endless.

There is no series in history more deserving of a comprehensive set as the James Bond films, with their distinctive and unifying look and feel. Bond 50 is a boxed set of all 22 films (not including the new Skyfall, but they've very kindly left you room for it), and features the Blu-ray debut of, among others, GoldenEye, Octopussy, The Spy Who Loved Me, and On Her Majesty's Secret Service. New bonuses include "The World of Bond," a montage through all the films; a pop-up trivia track; and interviews with all six actors who have starred as the suave secret agent: Sean Connery, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton, Pierce Brosnan, Daniel Craig—and even the one-hit George Lazenby.







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REVIEWS

ISINESSIS

On the dour Local Business. Jersey indie rockers Titus Andronicus take a step down from their heralded last album, The Monitor.

Titus Andronicus Local Business

XL

Titus Andronicus frontman Patrick Stickles comes across as a glass-half-empty kind of guy. He spent the bulk of his band's 2010 breakthrough album, The Monitor, howling lyrics like "the enemy is everywhere" with wild-eyed fervor. You wouldn't expect a dude like that to let praise (of which The Monitor got plenty) go to his head. Yet here he is on T.A.'s third album, tossing off not-fully-baked ideas as if he can do no wrong. "Titus Andronicus vs. the Absurd Universe (3rd Round KO)" features one lyric"I'm going insane"—repeated over a middling guitar rave-up for two minutes. Afraid that won't do, Patrick. The album has its high points—like the anthemic guitar solo on "Ecce Homo"—but they're outweighed by the low ones, including "(I Am the) Electric Man," which is shockingly lacking in spark for a song Stickles says he wrote in the emergency room after taking 200 volts of electricity—"STR82THEDOME," as he tweeted at the time. This isn't T.A.'s sophomore effort, but it's definitely a slump.





.. And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead Lost Songs **Century Media**

The term "prog punk" should be an oxymoron, considering the fact that punk rock burst into existence primarily to stick a safety pin in the bloated excesses of 1970s prog rock. Yet the seemingly contradictory descriptor applies to ... And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, an Austin outfit that has been reaching for the grandeur of the poets with the punk's guitar-to paraphrase Japandroids-for more than a decade now. The snarling yet lofty combination is in full effect here, fueling such songs as "Opera Obscura," "Up to Infinity," and "A Place to Rest" that would work as prebattle psych-up music for a brigade of thirteenth-century Scottish warriors.





Early Graves Red Horse No Sleep Records

Do you like ultraheavy, aggressive music but occasionally tire of the genre's monolithic sound? Step right up for San Francisco's Early Graves, Like Converge or Corrosion of Conformity, they play high-velocity thrash, but leaven the onslaught with acrobatic tempo swerves, pyrotechnic solos, and acoustic intervals. Red Horse's opener, "Skinwalker," has a gentle intro followed by marching-Titans chords and a double-time tempo straight from hardcore. "Days Grow Cold" opens with a riff so glossy it's almost glammy, and "Pure Hell" features an appropriately face-melting solo. This is Early Graves' first album since former lead singer Makh Daniels died in a 2010 van accident, and it does his legacy proud.





Deftones Koi No Yokan

We only got our mitts on 7 of its 11 tracks, but we still feel confident making the following request: If you hear an album this year that combines the ferocious and the sublime as well as Deftones' Koi No Yokan, please write us an email and flag it "urgent." On "Tempest," a keyboard pulse and a few well-placed chords precede Chino Moreno's yearning vocal line and tee up a thundering riff. It all kicks off a song full of dynamic moments that deliver maximum drama. The epic "Rosemary" maps a similar course, while "Swerve City" hits the riff-loving pleasurecenter of your brain stem, "Leathers" explodes out of the speakers after a quiet opening, and "Poltergeist" rolls on hand claps and barbed-wire guitar. More, please.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) KYLE DEAN REINFORD, 13TH WITNESS, JORDAN SOLDSTEIN, PATRICK MCHUGH



Band: Titus Andronicus Jersey Born?: You bet: Glen Rock. Sounds Like Springsteen If: he grew up on punk

grew up on punk rock, enjoyed more ramshackle structures to his epic songs, and was even more wideeyed than the young Bruce.

The Boss's Blessing?: Not yet.

Lyrical Nod: "Tramps like us, baby we were born to die!" From "A More Perfect Union" off 2010's The Monitor.



- 3 mm

Band: Arcade Fire
Jersey Born?: Nah.
Based in Montreal.
Sounds Like
Springsteen If: he went
to grad school and
took himself a bit too
seriously.
The Boss's Blessing?:
Yes. He's performed
with them on more than
one occasion.
Lyrical Nod: They've
covered the Boss's
"State Trooper" in

concert, but no direct

lyrical references.



Band: The Hold Steady Jersey Born?: No. Based in Brooklyn, by way of Minneapolis.

Sounds Like
Springsteen If: he grew
up on punk rock, Thin
Lizzy, and was a better
writer (you heard us).
The Boss's Blessing?:
Yes. He reportedly
emailed the band
that he liked "Stuck
Between Stations"
and "First Night," from
2006's Boys and Girls in
America.

Lyrical Nod: "Tramps like us ... and we like tramps." From "Charlemagne in Sweatpants" off 2005's Separation Sunday.



Band: Marah Jersey Born?: Close: Philadelphia (now based in Brooklyn). Sounds Like Springsteen If: he were more into country. The Boss's Blessing?: Yes. He's attended their shows, and he sang and played a guitar solo on their 2002 track "Float Away." Lyrical Nod: We haven't found any, but in 11 albums over 15 years, there must be.



Band: The Gaslight Anthem Jersey Born?: Yes: New Brunswick. Sounds Like Springsteen If: he'd been born in 1980 instead of '49. The Boss's Blessing?: Yes. He performed "The '59 Sound" with them at Glastonbury in 2009. Lyrical Nod: "And at night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet/It's a pretty good song, maybe you know the rest." From "High Lonesome" off The '59 Sound.

FIVE GREAT SONGS

This month's releases by ... And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead and Early Graves got us thinking.

Song, Artist, Year: "Leader of the Pack," the Shangri-Las, 1964

Tone/Story: Unexpectedly jaunty for a song about a high schooler's death in a motorcycle crash.

Life-Affirming Fun Fact:

Principal songwriter George Morton claimed he "got a bottle of champagne, two cigars," and wrote the song in the shower on a shirt cardboard with his kids' crayons. Song, Artist, Year: "Back on the Chain Gang," the Pretenders, 1982

Tone/Story: Elegiac, wistful—and catchy—it's in memory of former Pretenders guitarist James Honeyman-Scott, who died of a drug overdose that year, at age 25.

Life-Affirming Fun Fact:

George Harrison said the song uses an E7th chord, which he claims to have invented, and to have never heard elsewhere, except on Beatles songs "I Want to Tell You," "I Want You (She's So Heavy)," and "I Me Mine." Song, Artist, Year: "The Wreck of the Edmund

Fitzgerald," Gordon Lightfoot, 1976 Tone/Story: Solemn and

Tone/Story: Solemn and epic, it memorializes the sinking of the freighter of the same name in November 1975.

Life-Affirming Fun Fact:

In 2010, Lightfoot changed a lyric to reflect new research that removed any blame from the crew for the ship's sinking. **Song, Artist, Year:** "Gary Gilmore's Eyes," the Adverts, 1977

Tone/Story: Creepy and anthemic, the song is a response to the request by convicted murderer Gary Gilmore—who, in 1977, became the first person executed in the United States in nearly ten years—to donate his eyes to science following his execution.

Life-Affirming Fun Fact:
Mikal Gilmore, 11 years younger than Gary, overcame his brother's awful story to become an award-

winning writer.

Song, Artist, Year: "Stagger Lee," by Wilson Pickett, 1967 Tone/Story: Testifying, soulful. This blues standard about the murder of Billy Lyons by Stagger Lee Shelton has been recorded by hundreds of artists, from Ma Rainey to Lloyd Price to the Grateful Dead, Nick Cave, and the Clash.

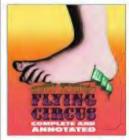
Life-Affirming Fun Fact: The name Stagger Lee is a variant of "Stack O'Lee," which blues pioneer W. C. Handy said was most likely a nickname for a tall person, likening him to the smokestack on the Robert E. Lee steamboat.

Ten More: "Camera," by R.E.M.; "Blue Yodel No. 1 (T for Texas)," by Jimmie Rodgers; "People That Died," by Jim Carroll Band; "(Don't Fear) the Reaper," Blue Öyster Cult; "Goodnight, Travel Well," by the Killers; "April 14th, Part I," by Gillian Welch; "Killing an Arab," by the Cure; "Ohio," by CSNY; "Eleanor Rigby," by the Beatles; "Ode to Billie Joe," by Bobbie Gentry.

Get your comedy geek on with all 45 episodes of the groundbreaking British sketch show Monty Python's Flying Circus, now in one volume, backed by more than 1,000 annotations and photos.



Monty Python's Flying Circus: Complete and Annotated ... All the Bits By Luke Dempsey **Black Dog & Leventhal**



This annotated guide to every one of the 45 episodes of the landmark British sketchcomedy

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

series Monty Python's Flying Circus is a must-own for completist fans of the revolutionary show, which ran from 1969 to '74, and starred Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. The book covers every line of every script, and includes production notes, set directions, and insider info on famous sketches, such as "The Ministry of Silly Walks," "The Dead Parrot," and "The Lumberjack Song," among others. "Various bizarre things happen" is how the first episode starts, and this book delves into all of them, with footnotes on every figure ever mentioned or referenced in the show, no matter how obscure (a list that, collectively, forms a who's who of 1960s politics and pop culture), along with profiles of the entire cast and their subsequent careers. These 880 pages will never be as funny as the show itself, but they make a worthy companion.

Fuck Yeah Menswear: Bespoke Knowledge for the Crispy Gentleman By Kevin Burrows and Lawrence Schlossman



This fashion guide, sprung from the ultra-wiseass Tumblr account of the same name, maps out archetypes such as "Prep," "Hypebeaster," and "Goth Ninja," and includes 11 style essentials, from Vans to chinos to a navy sport coat, to how to care for your ieans ("the ambrosia of the legs"). The onceanonymous bloggers behind it, whose favorite word seems to be "steezy," alternate between practical advice for the wealthy male shopper and snarky, no-holds-barred takedowns of the fashion-

challenged, like, "You think I give a fuck about chambray?" If you're looking for style tips packaged with over-the-top editorializing, you'll enjoy this book; if you don't know and don't care what chambray is, skip it.

Drawn Together By Aline and R. Crumb Liveright



Cartooning couple Aline and R. Crumb share writing and illustrating duties in this volume of their collected works, which are sometimes personal and intimate, sometimes over-the-top, Occasionally, they juxtapose their ribald sexual stories with cartoons drawn with the help of their daughter. Sophie, which seems strange at first. But then again, it's utterly fitting for a couple that holds nothing back while mocking themselves and each other (little digs at the other's artwork or opinions abound). There's a tenderness and

realness to R. Crumb sharing details about his vasectomy, and then a few pages later a family visit to a haunted house. Neither partner ever censors him- or herself, and readers reap the benefits of this fearless openness. O

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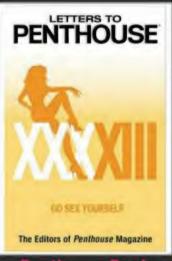
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Dror expandable carry-on

Tumi • \$595

With airlines raiding the wallets of travelers who dare exceed luggage-weight limits, a good carry-on can save frequent flyers enough cash in a month to buy that sweet-ass gazebo from SkyMall. Tumi's transforming wheeled roller offers two stages of packable expansion. Zipperless pockets inside the hard-side shell unfold for additional storage, expanding the 22-inch case's 9-inch depth to 14 inches. The overall capacity increases by more than 70 percent, yet the case still remains svelte enough to squeeze into an overhead compartment. The bag's leather trimmings and famous-designer pedigree make for a little bit of sticker shock, but how many SkyMall gazebos do you really need, anyway?





■ Kindle Paperwhite Amazon.com • \$179 for Wi-Fi and 3G; \$119 for Wi-Fi only

While previous iterations of Amazon's best-selling Kindle have re-created the experience of reading the printed page, the new Paperwhite actually improves on it. The eReader has 62 percent more pixels and 25 percent higher contrast than past models, and its touch screen is the sharpest among E Ink readers, but the real advancement here is the inclusion of a reading light. Instead of a backlight that can tire the eyes, the Paperwhite's front-lit system diffuses downward under an antiglare screen and provides an even glow, making for easier reading both day and night. Plus, even with the light (which is meant to stay on at all times), the Paperwhite delivers an amazing eight weeks of battery life.



ES9000 Smart TV Samsung • \$9,999

As the flagship boob tube in Samsung's LED lineup, this ten-grand titan has more to offer than its whopping 75-inch screen size. Designed as a piece of art as well as a smart TV, the ES9000 is blinged out with a rose-gold finish for the pencil-thin bezel that surrounds the display. A camera hidden in the top of the bezel automatically pops into view when in use for video conferencing, gesture control, face recognition, and other smart functions. Web browsing and hundreds of apps are integrated smoothly into the viewing experience, thanks to the built-in dual processor. The 3-D-capable screen itself offers the sharpest image quality of any Samsung TV. Plus, it comes with four pairs of 3-D glasses, giving at least

a small justification for the immense price.

Envy X2 tablet/laptop

HP • Final price not available at press time

Timed to debut with Windows 8, this hybrid tablet/laptop features a projected-capacitive 11.6-inch touch screen that registers ten points of contact. Such robust touch support might sound like full-contact overkill for typical tablet uses like media viewing and web browsing, but it actually comes in handy for editing documents, drawing with the optional stylus, and using Windows 8's new gesture commands. Magnets guide the camera-equipped tablet portion smoothly into the aluminum-frame keyboard when you need to get some serious work done, and the entire tablet/keyboard combo is less than an inch thick. The Envy's 14 hours of battery life is ample for a tablet, and downright epic for a laptop.





■ Xperia Advance smartphone Sony • \$560

Most adventure-ready smartphones sacrifice style for sturdiness, hiding their sensitive guts inside Coke-bottle cases. The Android-powered Xperia, on the other hand, delivers durability in an elegant form. Although less than an inch thick, it can handle an accidental dip in the pool or a slip into the sandbox. Its dual-core, one-gig processor assists with speedy browsing and streaming of tunes, TV shows, and movies. The 3.5-inch touch screen isn't exactly a mini Bravia, but its special surface lets you dial and type even when your fingers are soggy. DLNA support makes it easy to stream content to your HDTV if you prefer a big picture.



Double teleconferencing robot Double Robotics • \$2,000 (if you preorder)

Perhaps the greatest invention ever for the clinically shy, chronically lazy, or deathly infectious, this roving robot serves as your stand-in for business meetings, dull classes, and family functions. Connect your iPad (sold separately) to the Double's mounting pole, then control your robo-ambassador remotely from another iPad or your iPhone. The iPad's camera gives you a first-person view while you interact with the outside world, and you can remotely adjust the mounting pole's height to offer a sitting or standing perspective. Double selfbalances like a Segway while rolling; twin kickstands extend when stopped to conserve the eight-hour battery life. O



ENVY X2



THEWELL-FILLED STOCKING

Great gifts for the wheeled ones in your life.

By Bill Heald

■ Biocide Systems Auto Shocker

BiocideSystems.com • \$25

Odors in your auto can do bad things to your driving life, so they must be quashed quickly and effectively. Many products can deal with au du cheeseburger, but some scents (like the pot roast your ex spilled two years ago) refuse to back down, especially once they've soaked into the carpeting. To rid yourself of this menace, you need science: Biocide System's Auto Shocker has the chemical-warfare tools to go after the most persistent stench. Mix properly, follow the directions to the letter, and the company guarantees olfactory satisfaction or your money back. They also claim complete biodegradability, and it's made in the United States.





TomTom.com • \$230

Like anything with a screen and a processor, GPS units have been improving dramatically as technology advances. They don't just show you where you are anymore, or merely give turn-by-turn directions. In the case of the TomTom VIA 1605TM, the huge six-inch HD screen provides state-of-the-art directions, yes, but also a veritable truckload of choices and information. Lifetime map and traffic upgrades are included, so you get the most recent changes to avoid using outdated information. Roadside assistance is also part of the device's résumé, as is Advanced Lane Guidance to make sure you're in the right lane before your exit. But the showstopper is the supersharp mega-screen, which makes navigation so much easier.

■ Thorice scraper Quirky.com • \$21

You may own a minklined garage with a marble fireplace, but eventually your auto will get parked outside during a snowstorm (if you live where such inclemency takes place, of course). You'll not only need to scrape off snow, but often ice and every type of frozen precipitation imaginable. The Thor ice scraper, invented by Jim Johnstone, features an extending telescopic handle that lets you wield the doublebladed scraper, aided by a front handle that has its own plow to keep the snow off your hands. Designed to deal with serious winters and not some mere dusting, the Thor is a great solution to an age-old problem.



■ Wilmar W1555 Deluxe Roadside Assistance Kit Amazon.com • \$42

There are boatloads of car clubs out there if you have a breakdown, but what if you're the self-reliant sort, or simply need to act before help arrives? Wilmar's W1555 Deluxe Roadside Assistance Kit has everything you need to face most travel incidents and either get on your way or help out the odd damsel in distress. This four-pound kit includes such essentials as a 14-foot tow rope, eight-foot jumper cables, a flashlight, a first-aid kit, a variety of tools, zip ties, electrical tape, and a rain poncho; in fact, there's a total of 16 very useful items packed into the canvas case, which stows easily in your trunk.



■ Stanley SSLION Simple Start Battery Booster Amazon.com • \$50

Lithium-ion battery development has been on a really fast track, and these advanced renegades are getting lighter and more powerful with each passing generation. A by-product of this battery advancement is a product like Stanley's Simple Start Battery Booster—a compact unit that can fit into your glove box or console. Should your regular car battery lack enough juice to get you started, just plug this Booster into your 12-volt accessory outlet so it can charge your battery enough to get you on your way. An onboard LED light is included, and the booster itself recharges via 12-volt or a 110-volt charger (included).

LifeOnTop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS





■ CruzTools

CruzTools.com • H3: \$110; M3: \$90

Ages ago, new motorcycles often came with portable tool kits as standard equipment. Basic maintenance and roadside repairs could be performed with these (arguably crude) tools, but over time they've largely disappeared as standard kits. CruzTools not only fills this void, but the products are of excellent quality and designed to suit your particular machine. For example, the H3 is designed for Harley-Davidson bikes, with tools to fit the U.S.-spec hardware, plus an assortment of very useful items (like WD-40). The M3 is likewise comprehensive, but designed for bikes with metric-specification hardware. A rugged storage pouch is part of the deal, and all tools feature a lifetime guarantee.



Aerostich Protekt Khakis Aerostich.com • Khakis: \$97; Armor Kit: \$27

It is a timeless conundrum for the commuting motorcyclist: how to wear protective attire while on the bike, yet look like one of the regular office mob when you get to work. Aerostich lives to provide solutions to riders' apparel challenges, and now offers the highly stylish Protekt Khakis, which combine impact protection with very officefriendly tailoring. American made, 100 percent cotton-twill construction is triple-reinforced in the seat and knee regions. Concealed outseam kneepad pocket zippers let you slide in optional TF3 armor, which stays soft until stiffening on impact. Sizes start at 32 waist/30 length.



Dunlop Sportmax Roadsmart II

no component is more critical to its overall performance than your tires. Street riders need rubber that can find traction whether it's wet or dry. and that delivers a smooth ride and great handling even when leaning way over. The Dunlop Sportmax Roadsmart II tires are an active streetrider's dream, for they are designed to deliver excellent performance when the weather in your path isn't ideal. Complex new rubber compounds include silica to both increase durability and improve wet traction, and an Intuitive Response Profile (IRP) promotes light, stable, predictable handling even at ex-

treme lean angles. This is a great

ing machines.

all-around tire for the most demand-

DunlopMotorcycle.com • \$201 and up No matter what motorcycle you ride,



Lunasee ASL 1000 side lighting kit Lunasee.com • \$200

A danger inherent in street riding has always been being practically invisible to the larger vehicles on the road, and this is especially true at night. While the front of the motorcycle and to a lesser extent the rear are reasonably well illuminated, what about the sides? The Lunasee ASL 1000 is an LED lighting system that you apply to the wheel rims of your machine on both sides, to not only make your machine more conspicuous at night, but to look cool as well. The design is versatile, so it works on a broad variety of bikes, and the power requirement is minuscule (these are LED lights after all-although unusually bright ones).O+ a



LIFE ON O SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



THE POUR HOUSE

Freat Sco

Warm your insides with a Scotchale, Scotland's sweet, strong, and sometimes smoky contribution to wintertime drinking.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

uring the dark, frigid depths of December, my hands often drift to a bottle of bourbon or, better yet, Scotch. Give me two fingers, hold the ice. The glowing amber elixir serves as an internal fireplace, heating me from head to toe

while conjuring up a healthy dose of

holiday cheer.

Sometimes, though, sipping a half bottle of Scotch during a holiday party or Christmas dinner is not acceptable. In that case, I lean on Scotland's other stomach-stoking delight, the Scotch ale, also known as the "wee heavy." The Scotch ale is not suited for the hops-obsessed beer drinker. The style's signature is maltmasses of it. Fermented at cooler temperatures to create a cleaner

showcase for malt, the strong Scotch ale (the sweet spot is 6 to 10 percent alcohol by volume-ABV) offers a rich caramel stew sometimes cut with notes of earth, dark fruit, and, if a brewer feels saucy, perhaps a peaty or smoky characteristic. I recommend you nip it in front of a fireplace.

Scotch ale's roots stretch back to the nineteenth century, when brewers in Edinburgh were producing strong pale ales. These were commonly concocted with pale barley malt and just a handful of bittering hops, not too different from today's sweet, strong, and equally winter-suitable barley wines. But branding is a powerful tool. In time, these beers bore the name of their regional birthplace, giving rise to the Scotch ale. Though Scotland is synonymous with peaty whisky, these beers originally lacked that campfire kick. Eventually, some Scottish brewers began tossing in smoked malt, creating a flavor profile more in line with the country's distilled specialty.

Let's pause for a moment to clear up a spot of potential confusion with a similar style known as the Scottish ale. Compared to Scotch ales, this sibling is lighter and less sweet, though it still packs a hefty malt bill. In my opinion, Scottish ales are better suited to the first twinges of fall. Commendable examples of the style include Three Floyds' Robert the Bruce, Belhaven Scottish Ale, and the Odell Brewing Company's 90 Shilling Ale.

Today, the Scotch ale has become a popular cold-weather antidote in Scotland and, increasingly, America. In the States, you'll find fabulous versions from San Diego's AleSmith Brewing Company, which makes the potent, ten percent ABV Wee Heavy. while North Carolina's Highland Brewing adds chocolate malt and extra hops into the mix, and Moylan's Brewery makes the robust, intense Kilt Lifter Scotch Ale. Not to be outdone, Scotland serves up terrific takes in the form of the delightfully drinkable Belhaven Wee Heavy and the Traquair House Brewery's Jacobite, which is made with the unlikely addition of coriander. Even more curiously delicious is a version from Innis & Gunn that's aged in used rum casks.

It's an unusually spirited take on a style you should consider sipping all winter long.O+ n

TOTRY



Traquair House Brewery **Traquair House Ale**

You're drinking history with each bottle of Scotch ale from Traquair House, where, since 1491, the estate has been home to a single family and its descendants. Brewed on copper kettles and fermented in wooden vessels, the rich and rubyhued House Ale is a malty, silky, toffee-tinged treat.



Oskar Blues Brewery **Old Chub**

Though it comes in a can. Old Chub is no mildmannered light lager that's meant to be chugged. The creamy, weighty concoction is a malt lover's dream, offering up flavors of chocolate, coffee, and a haunting wisp of smoke.



Orkney Brewery Skull Splitter

A head-bashing Viking serves as the namesake for the Scottish brewery's Skull Splitter, which presents an aromatic platter of toffee and plums, plus flavors of molasses, figs, and an appealing tinge of smoke.



Dark Horse Brewing Company

Scotty Karate Scotch Ale Named after a maniacal, honky-tonk musician who performs while wearing a helmet made out of a buffalo head (seriously!), Scotty Karate is, naturally, not a bashful beer. It's a malty beast drenched in dark fruit, with earthy notes and a hefty, warming alcohol load.



Founders Brewing **Backwoods Bastard**

The November release is a 10.2 percent ABV knockout that, in the best way possible, calls to mind single-malt Scotch. Expect smoke wrapped around caramel candy, with vanilla and oak notes, thanks to a nap in bourbon barrels.Ola

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2012 PET OF THE YEAR JENNA ROSE

PLAYOFF

Just like you, we're sick of electoral posturing and sound bites—or we were, till we remembered that our annual Pet of the Year competition provides the perfect palate cleanser. Next month, we'll announce which lucky lady will be named our 2013 Queen. In the meantime, enjoy this refresher course on the Pets of 2012.

OH E DANI DANIELS

JANUARY 2012

Photograph by Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

34D-24-38; 5'7" 23 years old

Hometown:

Orange County, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The perfect weather.

Favorite workout:

Turning on loud music and dancing on my stripper pole.

You're always up for:

Traveling and sex ... and sex while traveling.

What do you do for a living?

I'm a girl-girl porn star.

What's your favorite thing about your job?

Getting to fuck a different beautiful woman every day, and I don't even have to buy her dinner first!

The first time I had sex, it was spontaneous, funny, and public—which has been a recurring theme. The most exciting was me bent over the hood of a car on the side of the road.





OH BRETT ROSSI

FEBRUARY 2012

Photograph by Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

32D-26-34; 5'8" 23 years old

Hometown:

La Verne, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The fact that every street, store, and park has a special memory that goes with it.

You're always up for:

An adventure.

You're never up for:

Dealing with assholes.

If you could have sex with anyone, you would pick:

Abe Lincoln, just to say I did.

Were you a wild teenager?

I was a good girl who liked to experiment.

The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was when I came from penetration alone. It's only happened once, and I'll never forget it.

OHANEL PRESTON

MARCH 2012

Photograph by Dean Capture

Vital stats:

36D-25-36; 5'8" 26 years old

Hometown:

Fairbanks, Alaska.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The snow!

Favorite vacation spot:

I don't have one, because I always want to see and experience different things.

Favorite way to work out:

Hove running, but usually lijust go to the gym or to a workout class.

Favorite way to relax:

Watching documentaries.

What gets you excited? Men.

What gets you in trouble?

Men.

"I've always had a fantasy about having sex with a stranger, though I wouldn't just sleep with a drunk guy from a bar. But if it feels right, I'll go for it."





GINA LYNN

APRIL 2012

Photograph by Harry Connor

Vital signs:

34D-24-34; 5'2" 38 years old

Hometown:

Jackson, New Jersey.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

A lot of people make fun of New Jersey, but I love it. I love the seasons, and that the beach, the ocean, and the mountains are so close together.

What gets you excited?

Reaching goals, my sex-toy line, getting to be a Penthouse Pet.

What gets you in trouble?

Captain Morgan or vodka.

Would you rather get caught masturbating by your parents or the pizzadelivery guy?

Pizza guy, of course. I'd bring him into the equation.

Who are your real-life heroes?

People who rescue others in need, whether it's soldiers, firefighters, police officers, or that pizzadelivery guy.

The most daring thing I've ever done is nude hang gliding over the mountains in North Carolina. I'm scared to fly, but I also have a crazy streak in me. I hate to pass when I'm dared to do something.

ANGELA SOMMERS

MAY 2012

Photograph by Cassandra Leigh

Vital signs:

36D-27-36; 5'7" 29 years old

Hometown:

Queens, New York.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

It's badass! There are so many different cultures and races all in one place. And New Yorkers don't take shit from anyone, but we're also down-to-earth.

Favorite vacation spot:

Jamaica. I spent eight vacations at a nudist resort there, and I have very fond memories.

The most daring thing you've ever done: Go zip-lining naked.

What gets you excited?

Watching others have fun.

What gets you in trouble?

Alcohol and beautiful women.

freaky, but I tend to be a freak in bed for only one man at a time.





OH SALEXIS FORD

JUNE 2012

Photograph by Cisco Lamessi

Vital stats:

36C-25-34; 5'5" 24 years old

Hometown:

Queens, New York.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It has a lot of places to eat with food from different cultures, and it only takes 15 minutes on the subway to get to Manhattan.

Favorite vacation spot:

Anywhere warm and beautiful. I love Hawaii because the beaches are so white that it feels like you're in paradise.

Dream vacation spot:

Fiji, because they have hotels in the middle of the ocean, and Tokyo, because they're up on new technology and it looks like a really neat place to go.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:

Buy a gorgeous condo and a Ferrari.

What's your favorite fantasy?

Men in uniforms.

on the side of a highway, on top of a car—not that big a deal, except there were a lot of people watching from a nightclub. They were bent over the bar so they could see us.

OH S HEATHER STARLET

JULY 2012

Photograph by Noele

Vital stats:

36-25-37; 5'7" 23 years old

Hometown:

Dayton, Ohio.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

Fresh air, green trees, and lots of beautiful scenery. I love going to baseball games in the spring and sledding in the winter.

Favorite way to work out:

Jogging. And sex is great cardio.

Favorite way to relax:

Masturbate, bubble bath.

Favorite sexual fantasy:

Being forced to play with myself while I watch a guy and a girl fuck until we all come.

Most daring thing you've ever done:

Jump off a huge cliff in Tennessee into the water. It was so exhilarating!

et is easy to get psyched up for being photographed. I think about the last great bang and reminisce. Hove knowing people come while watching me come!





OI 5 NICOLE ANISTON

AUGUST 2012

Photograph by Noele

Vital stats:

34D-23-38; 5'3" 25 years old

Hometown:

Temecula, California.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It's a great family community.

Favorite vacation spot:

Honestly? At home on the couch with my cellphone off.

Favorite way to work out:

I love using my neighborhood as a gym: outdoor stairs, parks, trees....

Favorite way to relax:

Hot tub, beer, and no makeup.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?

Punched a guy in the jaw and wrestled him to the ground. I'd had a few beers, of course.

for me to be thinking about whether or not I want to be famous. My bare ass is all over the internet.

OI S AINSLEY ADDISON

SEPTEMBER 2012

Photograph by James

Vital stats:

32D-25-33; 5'3" 26 years old

Hometown:

Little Rock, Arkansas.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

One, I have my family and friends around. Two, there are great outdoor activities to partake in: biking, hiking, camping, floating on the rivers, and so much more.

Favorite sparetime activity:

Gardening, exercising, dancing, and swinging on my stripper pole.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?

I want to own my own fitness studio.

Who are your real-life heroes?

Military personnel and cops.

What's the most exciting place you've made love?

In a field during a rainstorm.

My favorite sound is an orgasm.
Every person's is different, and even one person's orgasms are different from one another. It's fascinating, and totally hot, of course.





SAMANTHA SAINT

OCTOBER 2012

Photograph by Jose Cardenas

Vital stats:

34-26-36; 5'8" 25 years old

Hometown:

Memphis, Tennessee.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

Southern charm and hospitality—and of course amazing Southern comfort food.

Favorite vacation spot:

Mexico. Cabo San Lucas and Playa del Carmen have gorgeous beaches and great deep-sea fishing.

Dream vacation spot:

Thailand is at the top of my list. I want to see the temples, try all the food, and take in the picture-perfect beaches.

What quality do you like in yourself?

I love that I love to cook, and that I'm good at it!

What gets you in trouble?

Tequila always gets me in trouble! It definitely makes my clothes fall off.

"I'ma Gemini, which absolutely suits me! I definitely have two sides to me: one, the naughty, dirty girl, and two, the nice, sweet girl you could take home to your mother."

oi s Adrianna Luna

NOVEMBER 2012

Photograph by Jose Cardenas

Vital stats:

34-27-30; 5'2" 28 years old

Hometown:

Los Angeles, California.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

My family! My entire immediate family lives within 20 minutes.

Favorite way to spend your spare time:

I love training at my fight gym and doing CrossFit. I can't get enough.

Who are your real-life heroes?

American soldiers at war.

You're always up for:

Sex.

You're never up for: Getting up early.

What's the most exciting place you've made love?

In a hot-air balloon.

The most remarkable sexual experience I've had was being tied up and having sex while I was suspended from the ceiling.





OH ELILY LOVE

DECEMBER 2012

Photograph by James

Vital stats:

34-27-37; 5'3" 20 years old

Hometown:

Gulf Shores, Alabama.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

The beach. Hove the water, and Gulf Shores has a beautiful beach.

Favorite music:

Anything from Alice in Chains to Britney Spears, depending on my mood.

Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?

I was a stripper for about six months. Does that count?

You're always up for:

Chocolate, French toast, and passionate fucking—in no particular order.

You're never up for: Lazy sex.

The most exciting place I've made love is in the pool at a random empty rental house. I'm still young, though. I've got lots more places to try!

We're going all Paul Westhead with our NBA preview this year, hoisting two dozen rapid-fire thoughts on the upcoming season.

By John Bolster

This league could really benefit from contraction, a shorter schedule, and a return to best-of-five first-round playoff series. The owners would never go for it, but the NBA would be more competitive, the regular season more meaningful, and the playoffs less bloated if they did.

Jeremy Lin may lead rebuilding Houston to the cellar, but the Knicks were still wrong to let him go. At 24, he's younger than his replacements, Jason Kidd (39) and Raymond Felton (28), and he brought an irreplaceable buzz (not to mention memorabilia sales) to Madison Square Garden.

Team president James
Dolan ditched one of
the best things ever
to happen to the Knicks in Lin, so
naturally he will bring back one of
the worst in Isiah Thomas (in an
unspecified role). As we went to
press, reports to this effect were

circulating, and Knicks fans' heads were exploding.

New Orleans will improve more than Charlotte, even though the Bobcats have nowhere to go but up after a sevenwin season. Michael Jordan's woeful team added talented forward Michael Kidd-Gilchrist, who will help, but fellow cellar-dwellers the Hornets nabbed top pick Anthony Davis and Doc Rivers's son, point guard Austin Rivers.

Ballyhooed point guard John Wall has more support in Washington this year; it's time for him to prove he's the real deal. The Wizards added forwards Trevor Ariza and Emeka Okafor, who will join Nene in the frontcourt. They also drafted gunner Bradley Beal (Florida) to join Wall in what could be an explosive backcourt. Could be....

If Ricky Rubio makes a full recovery from last year's devastating knee injury, Minnesota will be playoff-bound.

At the very least, they'll be exciting to watch, with Rubio pulling strings at the point, and their new, athletic frontcourt complements to Kevin Love: Andrei Kirilenko and Chase Budinger.

The 2012 Christmas Day schedule is so nice it's naughty: Boston Celtics vs. Brooklyn Nets; New York Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers; Oklahoma City Thunder vs. Miami Heat; Denver Nuggets vs. Los Angeles Clippers.

In what will surely be a metaphor for his first few seasons in Cleveland, Kyrie Irving broke his hand slapping a padded wall in frustration during a summer-league game. Poor Cavaliers fans. Poor Irving. The electric point guard won the Rookie of the Year Award last season, but LeBron-jilted Cleveland lacks depth and is several years away from being a contender.

The Cavs' rust-belt brethren in Detroit will struggle just as much.

After big man Greg Monroe and guards Rodney Stuckey and Brandon Knight, the cupboard is pretty bare in the Motor City.

Boston's Big Three may have disbanded, but the Celtics are still contenders in the East. They lost Ray Allen to the Heat (more on that later), but brought in sharpshooters Jason Terry and Courtney Lee, and did well in the draft.

The Clippers are happy the United States won Olympic gold and all, but damn, did it have to endanger their two franchise players? Blake Griffin (knee) and Chris Paul (thumb) both tore ligaments during a July Team USA training camp. How well will they bounce back?

The blockbuster, fourteam Dwight Howard trade was also the blockbuster four-team Andrew Bynum and Andre Iguodala trade. While Howard-to-L.A. hogged the headlines, and rightly so, both Philly and Denver improved their teams with the acquisitions of Bynum and Iguodala, respectively.

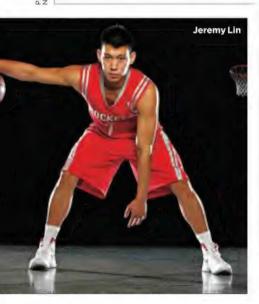
Speaking of, the Nuggets will be fun to watch this season. From eccentric big man JaVale McGee to Iguodala to free-shooting Danilo Gallinari, they will be athletic and kinetic.

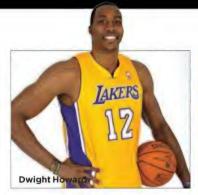
With the addition of former Atlanta guard Joe Johnson, and the bump they'll get from the new arena in Brooklyn and rebranding the franchise, the Nets will make the playoffs—and surpass the Knicks in the Eastern Conference. Johnson and Williams will form one of the most rugged, and best, backcourt duos in the East.

The Hawks, on the other hand, will miss the playoffs for the first time since 2007. Josh Smith will become the go-to guy in Atlanta, with the numbers to reflect that, but the five players (and one draft pick) the Hawks got for Johnson do not a playoff team make.

Dallas's pickups of Elton
Brand and Chris Kaman
amount to so much treading

water. They're solid big men, but when you compare these moves to L.A.'s acquisition of Howard and the Sixers getting Bynum, well, the Mavs are closer to where they were last season—a first-round playoff casualty—than where they were in 2011: NBA champs.







The Warriors will make the playoffs if Stephen Curry and Andrew Bogut stay healthy.

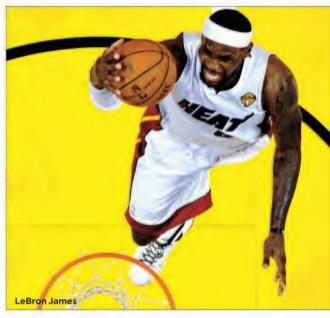
Unfortunately for Golden State fans, those are two big "ifs."

Indiana may be the secondbest team in the Eastern
Conference. The Pacers took a
2-1 lead on Miami in the second round of last year's playoffs before falling
4-2, and their two top players, Roy Hibbert and Paul George, are coming into their own. Fun fact: The NBA lists George as six foot eight, but the Indianapolis Star claims he's grown to six foot ten.

But Chicago's Derrick Rose will return in March and fuel a late Bulls surge.

Chicago officials weren't rushing their superstar's recovery from his May 12 surgery to repair a torn ACL, but he should make it back this season. Opponents will find him rested, recharged, and possibly stronger from his rehab regimen. Too bad for the likes of Boston and Indiana.

How much gas is left in San Antonio's tank? The Spurs raced to the No.1 seed in the West last year and then swept two opponents in the playoffs ... before going out in six to the younger, more athletic Oklahoma City. The Thunder hasn't gotten any worse, L.A.'s gotten



better, and Tim Duncan and Manu Ginobili are 36 and 35, respectively.

From the Welcome
Developments department:
The NBA could be returning

to Seattle. In September, the Seattle City Council approved a deal with investor Chris Hansen that would use both private and public funds to build a \$490 million NBA arena in the Emerald City.

Oklahoma City didn't make any significant off-season moves, but they didn't have

to. They can get back to the Finals with the ultratalented group they have. *Winning* the Finals this year, however, may require some more apprenticeship.

If the new-look Lakers embrace assistant coach Eddie Jordan's version of the Princeton offense, they'll not only give the Heat all they can handle in the Finals, they'll also be the most exciting NBA team to watch in decades. Steve Nash, Kobe Bryant, Pau Gasol, and Dwight Howard could make that system hum.

Now that Miami has that first title in the bag, and added veteran marksmen Ray Allen and Rashard Lewis, LeBron James's asinine "Not one, not two ... " boast could actually come true. Well, half of it, anyway (he vowed to win eight championships).

Creature Comforts

There's no law that states your man cave has to be limited to one room. It's all about comfort, convenience, and style. Take advantage of this holiday season and let your nearest and dearest help outfit both you and your habitat.

By Deirdre Goldbeck



Pure Soda Maker

SodaStream.com • \$130 (basic)

You probably don't realize how much you spend on soda each month, but once you figure it out, you'll want a SodaStream. The Pure model has the perfect look for your bar or kitchen, and you'll be able to make your favorite carbonated beverage whenever you want for a lot less than the cost of all those bottles and cans of Coca-Cola and Sprite. One capful of sodamix makes a one-liter bottle of fizz. The Pure measures 6 by 17 by 9.5 inches, and comes with a starter kit that includes one carbonating bottle, one 60-liter carbonator, and a sampler of 12 sodamix flavors. It comes in white or silver, but there are at least seven other models to choose from.



T-fal Ultimate EZ Clean Pro-Fryer Amazon.com • \$99

The next time you need a bucket of chicken, fry it up like a pro. This fryer can hold more than 2.5 pounds of food, has cool touch handles, a ready light that'll shut off when the oil reaches the right temperature, and an oil-filtration system as well as an automatic oil-drainage system. It also has a built-in storage container to store used oil until the next fry fest. Everything tastes better fried—deep-fried, that is.



Fortuna's bacon sampler FortunaSausage.com • \$70

If you're a bacon-lover, then you already know that man does not live on bread alone. The Fortuna Sausage company specializes in making all-natural, good-tasting products. The three-pound bacon sampler includes one pound each of nitrate-free freshgarlic, smoked, and smoked-apple bacon, all thick-sliced and so full of flavor that you won't want to share a single morsel with your buds. Fry some up—or deep-fry a few strips in your new fryer.

Kamado professional ceramic charcoal grill

VisionGrills.com • \$799

Kamado grills are based on the 3,000-year-old tradition of cooking in clay pots; the ceramic chamber duplicates the process of cooking in a wood oven, so you can bake, grill, sear, or smoke your meat to perfection. The electric ignition makes start-up a cinch, and the dual-wall insulation helps maintain and promote fast, consistent cooking or low and slow smoking. If you're short on space or have tailgating plans, the Kamado Kub (\$299) is the perfect choice. Go get your'cue on.









Programmable coffee and tea maker Farberware.com • \$66

taste as good as the first.

problem with this appliance, which has permanent filters to brew ground coffee or loose tea. Brew a full 12-cup pot, or as little as one cup at regular, robust, or full strength. Replaceable water filters remove impurities so you get the perfect cup. It has 24-hour programmable capability, an adjustable one- to two-hour auto shutoff, and a freshness gauge that will let you know if that last cup will

You like coffee, she likes tea. That's no

Hammertone vacuum bottle Stanley-pmi.com

• \$38 and \$42 In celebration of its 100-year anniversary, Stanley is offering two versions of its original two-quart thermos. Both are limited editions, made with the vintage 1944 green hammertone finish and stamped with the brand's commemorative badge. They're vacuum insulated to keep beverages hot or cold for 24 hours, have insulated lids that double as eight-ounce cups, and are rustproof and BPA-free. The 1.4quart has a sturdy carry

handle for road trips.



Johnnie Walker engraved Johnnie-Walker-Blue.1877-spirits.com/ • \$225 Johnnie Walker is wellknown for its Blue Label, a proprietary blend of rare whiskies exclusively from the House of Walker. Each bottle is individually numbered, and complimentary engraving is free when you order from the

website. Delivery takes



Lithium-ion stainlesssteel trimmer

WahlHomeProducts.com • \$70

When a shape-up is all you need, look no further. Wahl's sleek trimmer is lithium-ion powered and comes with eight clipper-guide combs from 1/8 inch to 1 inch, four interchangeable heads, four trimmer-guide combs, a cleaning brush, a beard and mustache comb, a charger, and a travel pouch. Best of all, it has a running time of four hours and will shut off automatically when it's fully charged.

PowerTouch shaver with Aquatec

USA.Philips.com • \$90

Whether you shave wet or dry, this Philips Norelco shaver can handle it. The three flexible, dual-precision heads are designed to make short work of both long and short hairs, and move smoothly along the contours of your face for a close, even shave with limited skin irritation. It takes only one hour to charge, and will provide up to 50 minutes of wireless shaving. The ergonomically shaped, antislip handle helps make this a unique shaving experience.

Snowcliff boots Kamik.com • \$105

When it's cold and wet outside, keep your feet warm and dry with a pair of Kamik leather-and-suede boots. Each outside seam is sealed to ensure they're waterproof, and the collar and tongue are padded for extra comfort. They're insulated with Thinsulate and foam, and lined with moisture-wicking material to keep your feet dry. When you're in a rush, you'll appreciate the speed-lacing system and the flexible rubber shell. They come in two colors, in sizes 7 to 14.

Kettle Mountain waxed jacket

EddieBauer.com • regular: \$299; tall: \$319

Whether you're hunting for game or attending the game, you'll want this jacket at your back to help ward off the elements. The waxed-cotton material is both tough and water-repellent for rainy days, and the tricot-lined pockets are great for keeping your hands warm. It has a full-length zipper with a snap-over placket, corduroy collar and cuffs, and shooting-patch details. It comes in dark olive and sizes range from small to XXXL, regular to tall.

Bullhide-leather weekend carry-on

Orvis.com • \$550

Considering what your luggage has to go through, you need a carry-on that can stand up to a rough trip. This bag, made of heavy-duty bullhide leather, has a full-length zipper opening and a frame that's designed to stay open for easy packing. There's a compartment for shoes that you can access externally, front pockets to hold electronic devices, and two roomy outside pockets. There's also a clear, TSA-approved pouch for toiletries. It measures 15 by 18 by 11.5 inches, and can be personalized via embossing or brass-plate engraving with up to three letters.

Lambskin gloves with Gore-Tex

LLBean.com • \$89

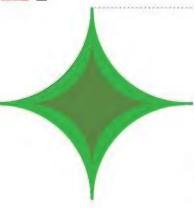
Dress gloves should not only look good, they should protect your hands, too. These lambskin gloves have a textured grip for driving, and are lined with 100 percent cashmere for warmth, plus Gore-Tex to make them water- and windproof. Choose black or brown, small to XL.

Khaki X-Patrol Chronograph HamiltonWatch.com • \$1,745

Hamilton has been in the timekeeping business for 120 years, and creating aviation-inspired timepieces since 1919. The Khaki X-Patrol tracks time down to the second, displays day and date, and provides unit conversions. The H21 automatic movement ensures accuracy and a 60-hour power reserve. It features a stainless-steel case and a sapphire crystal with antireflective coating, and it's water-resistant up to 328 feet. There are six different styles: black or silver-toned dial, with a black stitched-leather, black rubber, or stainless-steel strap.



[holiday gift guide]





Timing Gauge Tsovet.com • \$725

This Swiss-made timepiece is what you get when you cross two distinctly different styles, like industrial and sophisticated. The case measures almost two inches, is half an inch thick, and is made of aerospace-grade stainless steel with a brushed-satin PVD finish. The hardened-mineral crystal is scratch-resistant and antireflective, and the luminous hands and numbers make it easy to read. It has a black leather strap, is water-resistant up to 300 feet, and is available in either quartz or automatic movement.



NexBelt

NexBelt.com • \$55 and \$60

What's the first thing you do after chowing down on a turkey dinner with all the fixins? Loosen your belt a notch because you're stuffed. With NexBelt you can discreetly extend your belt and no one has to know that you've overindulged-or if you've put on a few pounds. The no-holes ratcheting system lets you make 1/4-inch adjustments, which yields a perfect fit. There are two size ranges-28 to 40 inches or 38 to 50 inches—and 22 styles in various colors with several different buckles. Oh, and there's a ball marker in the Golf Line buckle for when you're playing a round.



Showdown sunglasses SmithOptics.com • \$169

When it comes to shades, nothing's more classic than the aviator style. Smith Optics's version is made of lightweight yet sturdy stamped stainless steel. Polarized lenses nest seamlessly and securely in the frame, thanks to the special groove design, and the adjustable silicone nose pads make for a nonslip, comfortable fit. The frames come in six different matte finishes with color-coordinated lenses.





You'll have just about everything you'll need to start your next project with this 12-volt drill kit. It includes a reciprocating saw with a three-position pivot handle, a ³/8-inch drill/driver, a ¹/4-inch impact driver, an LED work light, two 12-volt lithium-ion batteries, a charger, two belt hooks, and a durable carry case so you can take it wherever you need it.

Stanley pistol-grip screwdriver set Amazon.com • \$20

You'll breeze through home repairs with Stanley's 25-piece screwdriver set. The adjustable handle locks in three positions—straight, pistol grip, and T-handle. The screwdriver works in either forward or reverse, and the removable end cap on the handle can hold up to six bits. Everything stores neatly in the carry case. There's also a 40-piece set that sells for \$25.

Gerber Bear Grylls Survival Tool Pack

GerberGear.com • \$85

Here's one more item to add to your arsenal of zombie preparedness. This multi-tool has 12 locking components—including needle-nose and standard pliers, three drivers, a wood saw, a partially serrated blade—and a rubberized handle so you can grip it securely, even with gloves. There's also a compact flashlight and a fire starter—great for lighting that campfire or torch at night to keep away the critters. All pieces fit conveniently in a carry case that you can attach to your belt or backpack.



THE DELICATE DOMES

This soft-spoken, delicate-boned brunette has a domineering streak—and that's just how her clients like it.

By Joe Diamond

anuary Seraph, 29, travels the world designing kinky experiences for submissive minions. Today, she's meeting a client at a boutique hotel in Manhattan. The pretty Californian is dressed conservatively in a sweater and leggings, but she'll soon transform into a latex-clad, whip-wielding domme, and her room will morph into a makeshift kinkster playground equipped with floggers, nipple clamps, bondage rope, and an acrylic ball crusher.

Asked if she worries about other guests being disturbed by the noises that might punctuate a BDSM session, she says, "I've got ball gags. And pillows muffle sounds."

In addition to thrilling subs with live sessions, Seraph is a fetish model, and an adult performer and producer. All her work has an underlying theme. "BDSM isn't as scary as some people make it out to be," she says. "It's a way to engage, and it's a way to have sexual gratification without actually having sex." That's as true for Seraph as it is for her clients. "I know that I've enjoyed lots of BDSM sessions that have nothing to do with sex, other than the fact

that it's erotic, it's kinky, and there's a lot of playful teasing," she explains. "It's the kind of stuff that I make myself orgasm to later."

Seraph's career began on a different track. She rode horses competitively while growing up in Northern California. "I decided not to do that professionally after about a year," she says, laughing. "I hit my head too many times." Instead, she started stripping in San Francisco to pay for college. Although a Jesuit education didn't stem her eventual turn to atheism, it left her with a fascination for religious iconography, celebrated in the second half of her stage name: seraph, a type of angel. (January is her birth month.)

A natural performer, Seraph immediately took to stripping. "I went and did my first night at a strip club and I got totally wet," she tells us. "I was super turned-on with the power of it. I loved having an



the sex files: dominatrix

audience full of men who were totally captivated by me. I hadn't really considered myself a sexual being. I was very much a tomboy until that point." Stripping gave Seraph a new perspective on herself. "I'd see myself mirrored in customers' eyes and I thought it was really hot."

After stripping for six years on the West Coast, Seraph moved to Florida and became a hostess for a swingers club. "It was a great way to meet people, fuck, be merry, and not have any of the drama associated with relationships," says the brunette beauty, who had broken up with her boyfriend before the move. As that rare single, attractive bisexual girl who wanted to hook up with couples, she found herself in demand. "I was the unicorn of the swingers scene," she says.

Her hosting duties took her to summer outings at Desire, a clothing-optional swingers resort in Cancún. "I was the activities coordinator," she recalls. "The only thing I wore was a clipboard and a whistle."

Swinging opened other erotic doors for Seraph. "One of the swingers asked me to go to a fetish party," she says. "I said, 'Sure. Why not? I'll try anything once.' There were all these people in these bizarre outfits; they were tying each other up, doing weird things. And they all looked really happy." Seraph felt an instant bond with the guests: "As I was talking to people, they were super openminded, and into telling me everything about their personal kinks and what they were into. I fell in love with that scene."

Seraph eventually moved back to California, where she's been doing private sessions for about four years now. "I see a fair number of really successful people, generally type A personalities who are really good at what they do," she tells us. "They're used to being in charge all the time, so when they come see me it's sort of a vacation. Somebody else is telling them what to do for once, and they get to let go."

New clients are especially fun for Seraph. "I love teaching them the protocol that works for me," she says. "When you're here playing with me, as long as you wear this collar you're my property, which means you have to ask if you think you want to try to do anything." Seraph adds, with a smile, "Except breathe. You can breathe on your own."

Seraph recalls her hottest session, with an Italian couple. "She could have been a fashion model and he could have been an amazing actor," says Seraph. "They were just that beautiful." The pair came to indulge their love of latex and sensory deprivation. "They basically wanted someone to guide their session and just be an extra player in it," she says. She set them up with vac beds, body-size latex envelopes attached to vacuums that suck out the air. Except for a small breath hole or head opening, one is totally encased and immobilized. "It's sort of like being a sausage, but sexier," says Seraph. "It's suction bondage, and it's really tactile.

"We also used suspension bondage," she continues. "I've got an amazing collection of toys, so part of the appeal for someone to come play with me is that they get to test them all." After the session, Seraph gave the couple private time. "I set



up a video camera so they could have a memento for home, and at the end they came out glowing."

With other clients, Seraph employs the BDSM practice known as impact play. "Floggers, canes, whips—things like that," explains Seraph. That's a staple of Seraph's Sadistic Sundays, in which she reserves sessions for her more masochistic clients. "I like a good masochist. I really like when someone takes the pain that I give them and turns it into pleasure." She adds that it takes a special mind-set to convert hurt into bliss. "For a really good masochist who's into it, there's like a wire that switches inside their head. You hit them, they go, 'Ahhh.' It's the sexiest sound." Of course, Seraph limits her sadistic ministrations to "the meatier parts of the body. Never the bones. Never the kidneys."

Spend time on her website, JanuarySeraph.com, and you'll quickly notice it's "dominated" by videos of Seraph lording it over other women. As she writes on the site, "I realized recently that I don't





have a single female friend who I don't want to fuck on some level." Describing a scene with submissive Cherry Torn, Seraph wrote, "I love the way her eyes dilate when she comes, and she gets all knockkneed and wobbly when I make her continue to come for me!"

Seraph also recently shot a video with December 2007 Pet of the Month Adrienne Manning. The domme has this to say: "I love introducing hot, slutty girls to new things, especially a *Penthouse* babe like Adrienne. Adrienne was a latex virgin, a bondage newbie, and had only had a regular gyno exam. And I got to change all that. That kind of power play is what makes my panties sopping wet."

But Seraph is no gay-for-pay poseur. About once a month, she goes to strip clubs to pick up dancers. "I've got really good gaydar," she says. "I don't always score. But it's a fun game. Lately I've been really into slender blondes. Before that, curvy, voluptuous brunettes."

Most of her relationships, however, are with men—men who share her love of kink. Seraph points out that many people mistakenly think kink doesn't go together with relationships, arguing, "It's a great way to reinvigorate a relationship that's gotten a little bit stale."

Seraph has plans to produce videos to educate audiences beyond die-hard kinksters about BDSM. "[The videos] aren't about needles; they're not about electricity," she says. "They're more about how to tie your lover to a chair in a sexy way. The tagline's going to be, 'Bring BDSM out of your basement and into your living room.' "She's also considering doing seminars to educate the public about BDSM. "I'd love to be the Tony Robbins of kink," she says with a grin.

That's a tall order, but if anyone can do it, this driven, delicate domme can.



Love them or hate them, pickup lines are a necessary tool for getting numbers and dates. Who better to tell us what works than Penthouse Pets and adult models/performers, who hear them all, good and bad?

By Greg Hudock and Jennifer Peters

here are two ways to approach a woman: subtly or boldly. A subtle approach is best in an everyday, easygoing environment, like a café or bookstore, or on the street. A bold approach works in bars and clubs, where the atmosphere is more chaotic and there are a lot of guys vying for the attention of attractive women. You need to approach without expressing too much interest at first, in either situation; the key is to adopt a casual, non-needy air.

When striking up a conversation, a simple, almost minimalist pickup line is safest. Introduce yourself and try to find common ground between you, whether it's discussing the weather, how long you're waiting for the barista to make your coffee, that hot new novel on the shelf in front of you, or the song the deejay is playing.

Humorous pickup lines work well with a lot of different women, as you'll read here, but they're harder to pull off. If she's laughing with you, that's always good. Women like men who can make them laugh. Use a self-deprecating tone, proving you have a sense of humor about yourself, if you screw up. With the right attitude, you can bounce back, even from fucking up your name when you introduce yourself.

Of course, being well-groomed and respectful, and demonstrating good manners, boosts your odds for success. But what specific pickup lines could work for you? Let's hear from the ladies about the best lines they've heard.

Angela Sommers, May 2012 Pet of the Month

"I was at a party when a guy said, 'Babe, are you a chicken farmer? Because you sure know how to raise cocks!' It made me laugh so hard that it worked, because I love funny guys. I'm a hard one to take home because I'm shy, but when a guy can make me laugh and bring me out of my shell, it works."





Chanel Preston, March 2012 Pet of the Month

"Honesty works on me, so when someone comes up to me and is straightforward about their intentions, there is a much better chance I'll be receptive. Of course, chemistry and attraction must come into play as well. I like the simplest pickup line of all time, a direct, 'Hello, may I buy you a drink?' That always works for me."



■ Taylor Vixen, 2010 Pet of the Year

"I like guys who just come up and act confident and ask my name. I know it seems boring, but I love it! Also, I love a guy who can be dorky and crack a great joke. That really gets my attention."



■ Sabrina Maree, December 2010 Pet of the Month

"I think pickup lines can be great icebreakers, provided they aren't over the top. Keep things light and create an easy out if either party loses interest. Sending over a drink and saying a simple hello is my preference.

"When a guy sees my Penthouse Key necklace, I get, 'Is that the key to your heart?' The explanation of what it really is always seals the deal."



"I'm not much for pickup lines, as most of them usually sound really cheesy. I'm more of a 'be real with me' girl. If you want to ask me on a date or a playdate, just ask. Be confident. One time a pickup line worked on me because the guy used his brand-new puppy as bait. I'm a total sucker for cute animals. We ended up going to a park with his puppy. It was such a cute date, and the guy wasn't bad either.

"I had a girl ask me out on a date at a strip club while I was out of town, feature dancing. She was smokin' hot and I couldn't resist. The next day she picked me up at my hotel and we went on a lunch/shopping date. It was totally fun, and we still keep in touch."

talking points



Jayden Cole, **December 2009 Pet of the Month**

"I recently fell for a guy who followed me and a girlfriend who smokes out of a bar. He asked my friend for a light. I found that method the most attractive, as opposed to silly one-liners used as an excuse to start conversation. An originally hilarious pickup line may get a little conversation from me, but no guarantees. A simple polite introduction goes a lot further."



Martina Warren, 2005 Pet of the Year

"Pickup lines generally don't work on me, as I think they're too corny. What works best on me is when a guy is himself, offers to buy me a drink, and then we have a good conversation."



Charlie Laine. February 2006 Pet of the Month

"I was in New York City when I was 18 with another model friend of mine. We were just taking in the sights and walking around Times Square. A guy came up to us and said, 'I want to marry one of you and have an affair with the other. You guys can decide.' We both started laughing and let him know that that was a very clever pickup line. Not only was it not the usual 'Damn, you're hot' or 'Can I get your number?' but it made us laugh, and laughter is the best way to grab my attention."



■ Trinity Morgana, porn star.

"The only pickup line that ever got my interest was when I was at a party. A guy leaned in behind me and whispered something French, in a deep, sultry voice. Even though I didn't understand, it was so damn sexy that I almost came on the spot. I took him by the hand into another room and ravished him. When we were done, I asked what he said. He told me, 'You're amazing and I want to fuck you, in French.' Well, he got his wish.

"I think the corniest was a member of Mötley Crüe coming up to me and using the old line, 'Want to say you fucked a rock star?' I didn't, and he was pissed!"





VIRIAL ENSON

The Big Buck World Championships fire off this month in New York City. By Matt Caputo • Illustration by Dan Masso

he weeknight crowd shuffles slowly into
Good Co., a cozy Williamsburg, Brooklyn,
bar with a backyard patio and a tattooed,
handlebar-mustached bartender doling out
cheap PBRs and ice-cold Presidentes. It's a hip
yet low-key place whose interior, the owners
claim, features "restored wood planks from a historic Rockaway
Beach boardwalk."

The place is not without female talent, and the drinks and shots are flowing, but Good Co.'s real draw, believe it or not, is its *Big Buck Hunter* arcade game.

Hunters and Hipsters

You've probably seen an arcade hunting game at some point or another, in a bar or a shopping mall. Big Buck Hunter is a first-person shooter that simulates actual hunting without harming any live animals. The objective is simple enough: Take out as many bucks and other fair-game critters as you can with a fluorescent-orange or -green, pump-action plastic gun. Launched in 2000 by Play Mechanix, BBH has since spawned several versions and attracted a cult following while also generating an elite class of players: The fifth annual Big Buck World Championships—with a grand prize of \$15,000—will go down in November at the Altman Building on West 18th Street in New York City.

The game's blend of realistic hunting elements with no actual bloodshed has enabled it to attract a unique combination of hunters and hipsters. *BBH* is as popular in rural Texas and Minnesota as it is in Williamsburg. And a new version of the game has been packing 'em in lately at Good Co.: "The new HD version is the second machine we've had since we opened in 2010," says the bar's co-owner, Ben Ward. "We've only had the new HD version for a month. It's bringing in a ton of people, and girls love playing it."

Released in July 2012, the HD version of *BBH* is the first high-definition bar and arcade game with 1080p graphics. *BBH* HD also has a social-media functionality that connects players and bars to competition via an online platform, CoinUp. The Showdown mode allows players around the country to square off. "The new social-media element captures the subculture really well; you see all the players on there," says Andy Lin, who finished fifth in the 2010 World Championships. "It's brilliant."

With only about a month to go before qualifying for the 2012 World Championships begins, Lin isn't the only elite player in the bar tonight. While Good Co.'s regulars raise and aim shots of tequila and whisky, Alex DerHohannesian, the 2010 world champ, fires off some practice rounds of *BBH* HD alongside Lin.



[into the wild]







Above left: Perennial contender Andy Lin, aka "Big Buck Ninja," and Alex DerHohannesian, the 2010 world champ, test-drove the new HD version of the game (top), which looks like a Bob Ross painting come to life. Above right: Brooklyn locals Keith Macdonald and Jeremy Hansen gave it their best shots, too.

Big Buck Beginnings

BBH creator George Petro takes pride in the fact that his company, Play Mechanix, designs games for the bar crowd. Petro had already spent a decade in the arcade business when he rolled a demo-edition BBH machine into a bar in Aurora, Illinois, in 2000. His aim was to create the ultimate sports-hunting videogame, and he hit a bulls-eye with his first shot. "It was just one level of the game and people mobbed it. We saw one big dude playing it over and over again," Petro says. "The guy turned out to be an Army sharpshooter with a medal to prove it. He said, 'This shoots really well; this is good stuff.'"

Petro got interested in videogames when his father, Louis, an architect in Fort Wayne, Indiana, was hired to design a local arcade in the early 1980s. George shadowed his father throughout the project, and when the Electric Circus Arcade opened, he got a job there. "I looked into the back of the machine and it totally blew my mind, like, How does whatever is back there make the graphics and cool gameplay?" he recalls.

After working at the arcade during high school, Petro hooked up with Williams Electronics, which eventually became Midway Games. He began as an intern and was hired as a programmer after graduating from the University of Indiana in 1987 with a degree in computer science. He worked under Eugene Jarvis, who'd created arcade classics Defender and Robotron.

One of Petro's first projects was Narc, an urban shooting game with an antidrug message. In the process of creating Narc, Petro pioneered technology Williams used for the next ten years on arcade editions of Mortal Kombat and NBA Jam—in

which Petro is a hidden character. He also directed arcade projects for *Terminator 2* and *Revolution X*, the Aerosmith shooting game.

In 1995, Petro left Williams to found Play Mechanix, where he worked on various gaming projects, including popular slot machines. "We were doing well, but we weren't really making money," Petro says. "Around Christmas of 1999, it just dawned on me that we were really good at gun games, and that a hunting game would be perfect." Three months later, *Big Buck Hunter* was born. "We took the adrenaline part of hunting, which is lining up the kill and shooting, and we distilled it," he says. "You're not spraying deer piss on yourself and hiding in the bushes."

Performance-Enhancing PBR

For all its success in arcades and, especially, bars and taverns, *Big Buck Hunter* hasn't quite transitioned to the living room. Petro released a successful Nintendo Wii version in 2010, but Play Mechanix is committed to the arcade format. A bona fide *BBH* machine would run roughly \$6,000 at retail, so players rely on bars for access to the game. "There's a culture around this like there was with *Donkey Kong* back in the day," says Lin, who's nicknamed "Big Buck Ninja" for his smooth, effortless style. "It's perfect for everywhere there's a bar. There's a whole subculture around the competitive players, too."

Originally from upstate New York, Lin, who makes his living as a photographer, is a household name among *Big Buck* aficionados in the metropolitan area. The same goes for DerHohannesian, the 2010 champion, who's a bit of a ladies' man. With his slicked-back hair and laidback demeanor, he caught the eyes of the handful of hotties in Good Co. Lin and DerHohannesian spend an average of ten hours a week firing shots at virtual animals. They got into the game, like most players, by trying it out after a few beers one night. "I was working as a bartender at a place called Mama's Bar in New York, and I'd play the game on slow nights," Lin says.

Like darts and bar pool, the game attracts players of varying levels of devotion—and blood-alcohol levels. Indeed, regulating those levels is a key to performance. DerHohannesian says he shoots his best after a half-dozen PBRs. Lubrication aside, though, most of these virtual outdoorsmen know it takes commitment to make it to the BBH finals. Action-sports stars Travis Pastrana and Scotty Lago both tried to qualify for the 2011 World Championships, and both fell short. Der Hohannesian plays four or five hours a day in the weeks leading up to the competition, and he and Lin have an intensity—but no geekiness—about their gameplay. They're also deadly accurate. Clearly, practice pays off. The most successful gamers know there's no way around that. "I've got a machine in my house," says Nick Robbins, who won the 2011 competition. "Believe it or not, paying a few thousand to get your own machine will actually save you money." That's if you're training for a world championship, of course. Amateurs can subsist on the virtual venison available at the corner tavern.







Taking Aim

Sixteen players from four regions compete in the championship, but some must travel outside their zone. Robbins, an IT guy from Minnesota, endured a 700-mile drive from his home in the Twin Cities area to the nearest qualifying machine, which was in Mason, Ohio. Driving across state lines is a common last-minute act of desperation for BBH players who want to qualify, but the practice often comes at the expense of local players. Last year, Lin went on vacation and came home to find out he'd been eliminated by carpetbagging gunners.

"The qualifying score around here is a lot higher," says Robbins. "There are a lot of good players in Minnesota." So some of them migrate to lesscompetitive qualifying regions.

That points out another, arguably healthier, difference between Big Buck Hunter and other gaming competitions. While most gamers are barricaded in basements and bedrooms, BBH players conduct most of their training and competition in a social environment.

"It's fun because you realize it's a bigger thing than just something played at your bar, in your town," says DerHohannesian. "We always say, if we're in a bar killing virtual animals, then we're not out there killing real animals."

Or stinking of deer piss. O+ 1





The 2011 Big Buck World Championships drew virtual Field & Stream-types from all walks of life to the Cubby Bear bar in Chicago, where participants enjoyed the company of the Big Buck Girls and watched Nick Robbins (left), of Inner Grove Heights, Minnesota, walk away with Pappy's Jug-and \$15,000as the world champ.

Dubious Competitions

Think the Big Buck World Championships are questionable? Maybe so, but they're by no means alone. Here are some other absurd sporting endeavors.

Darts: The 1982 world champion, Jocky Wilson, fell off the stage drunk after losing a match at the 1984 tournament. 'Nuff said.

Rhythmic Gymnastics: Air Guitar: They

When Will Ferrell's rendition of your sport in the frat-house comedy Old School looks indistinguishable from your sport, well, maybe it's not a sport.

actually have a world championship in this, um, activity. And it is a sad, sad thing to behold.

Badminton: This is not a sport so much as something to do while drinking beer in

your backyard, and the match-fixing fiasco at the 2012 London Olympics proved that.

Racewalking: Someone once likened this to a competition to see who can whisper the loudest. Yes! Now lean in close for a secret: Every Olympic racewalker breaks the rule of having one foot on the ground at all times. In other words, they're all running.Ol =







the language of love

Porn star Lily Love hopes to study linguistics, as her dream job is to work as an interpreter. "I love languages and traveling," she says, "and the challenges of translating really excite me. One of the proudest moments in my life is when I had a conversation in German while I lived in Germany, and she didn't realize I was American." No matter which language she's speaking, it's clear that Lily has fully mastered the international language of love.

Photographs by James





"I have to stay in shape, so I spend some of my free time at the gym. But my favorite workout is outside the gym riding a man. It feels good, and works out my abs."

















"The most exciting place I've made love is in the pool at a random empty rental house. I'm still young, though. I've got lots more places to try!"

























Vital stats: 34-27-37; 5'3" 20 years old

Hometown: Gulf Shores, Alabama.

Favorite thing about your hometown: The beach. I love the water, and Gulf Shores has a beautiful beach.

Favorite food: Chocolate.

Favorite drink: Champagne.

Favorite TV show: Chopped.

Favorite movie: I could watch the new *Star Trek* till my eyes bleed.

Favorite music: Anything from Alice in Chains to Britney Spears, depending on my mood.

Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?
I was a stripper for about six months.
Does that count?

What do you do for a living? Right now I only make porn.

What's your favorite thing about your job?
Being naked.

You're always up for: Chocolate, French toast, and passionate fucking—in no particular order.

You're never up for: Lazy sex. or magic relationship mender. This is the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

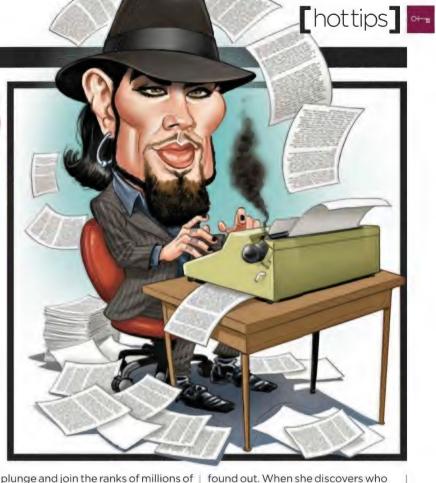
■ If the person you're dating asks you how many people you've had sex with, should you tell them the truth or avoid answering? Is there a "magic number" men or women are hoping to hear? Do you ever ask women that question, or is it something only insecure men/women ask?

I believe that the truth is always the way to go. True, some people have a hard time with this kind of information, but—as I've said before—one's past experiences are part of what makes them who they are today. Someone who has had ten partners may not be the person they were when they'd only been with nine. Know what I mean?

If you love someone, you kind of have to love everything that has made that person who they are, including their past. Overall, it's the ego that makes a partner's past hard to swallow for some. Everyone wants to feel special and unique in a relationship. and sometimes an insecure individual will feel he or she must be less special if they are just one of many. The reality is that this is their problem, not yours.

Luckily, when I am asked this question, I can be honest and avoid the whole drama. I usually just say, "God, I have no idea,"

I really don't care for sex. It does nothing for me. I've tried toys, creams, changed partners, and nothing works! I have no feeling, like I'm numb. Is there anything I can do? Well, it sounds like you're already married! You may as well take the



unsatisfied and complacent people.

Seriously, there are sex therapists and doctors you can see. Even psychiatry could be an option. Experiment with different subcultures: voyeurism, BDSM, roleplaying, etc. Intimacy doesn't have to be conventional. Some people in your situation have found a way to get off by knowing that they're pleasing the one they love by helping him or her get off. However, if you're happy, that's all that counts. Some people just aren't sexual. Go about your life and stop believing there is something wrong with you. You are who you are, and life is too short to live with that kind of self-doubt

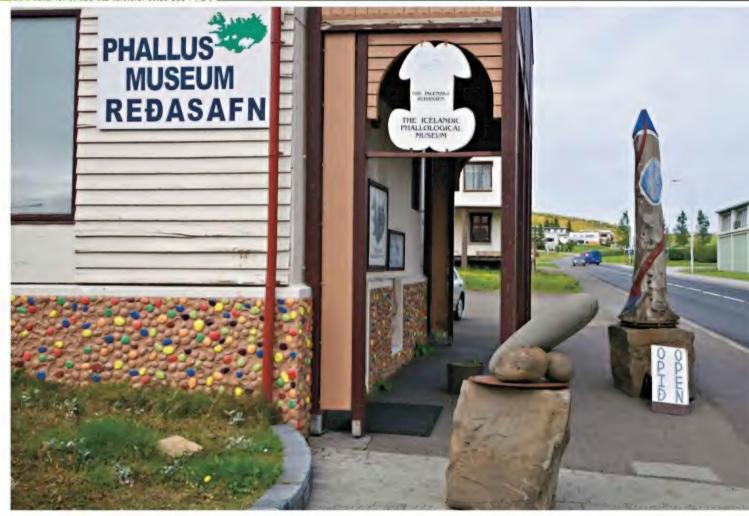
What do women want?

That's easy. Think about whatever it is you offer women. Got it? Now, they either want the exact opposite, or the exact same thing from someone else. At least, it sure does seem like that, huh? I'd suggest that you just be yourself. If that's not enough, you may as well move on. Be the guy you are with your friends when you're with your girlfriend. If you find that you have to alter your behavior around your partner, you aren't being true to who you are and ultimately you'll be

the real you is, she might bounce. Just be straightforward and honest from day one. That's your best bet.

I visited my husband at work for a little lunchtime hotness, wearing nothing but lingerie under a trench coat. He actually got mad at me. What man wouldn't want his wife to do that? I'm insulted and confused by his reaction.

Okay, here is where some women think they have us men figured out and they really don't. "I'll just throw sex at him. That'll make him happy." Wrong. Sure, it's nice to spice things up once in a while and do something out of the ordinary, but you have to be willing to accept it when things don't go your way. Your man was at work, focused on something and trying to do his job. When you showed up like that, it was almost as if you were saying, "Hey, stop what you're doing and service me," You had the right idea, but perhaps your execution was poor. Next time, try calling him and asking if he can spare an hour on his lunch break for something special and sexy. Tease him beforehand and make him curious about your plans. You'll find he will look forward to the visit instead of feeling cornered. O



COCK OF THE WALK

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

Europe's cities are rich in phallic treasures—the Crown Jewels in London, Michelangelo's "David" in Florence, the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Not to be outdone, Reykjavík, the tiny capital city of Iceland, claims the world's biggest collection of penises.

The Icelandic Phallological Museum (Phallus.is) includes more than 200 penises from 93 animal species—including Homo sapiens. The number and variety of specimens on display may be the museum's claim to fame, but, like a zoo's big cats, the big cocks are the real draw.

As soon as you walk in, you're faced with a 67-inch whale penis standing upright in a formalin-filled glass tank. If you didn't know you were in a penis museum, you might take it for a pickled saguaro cactus. Spindly, dried-out members of other big marine mammals project from trophy plaques on the walls. There's even a droopy elephant dong the size of a man's leg.

Scores of smaller penis specimens in gleaming beakers are neatly labeled and arranged on Scandinavian-modern shelves. The only human specimen, a withered gray lump of flesh, joined the exhibit in 2011, after the death of its donor. A few other men have promised to donate as well. In 2002, an American named Tom Mitchell pledged in writing to have his penis (which he calls Elmo) removed and donated while he's *still alive*. You can









The number and variety of specimens on display may be the museum's claim to fame, but, like a zoo's big cats, the big cocks are the real draw.

see a framed copy of the signed contract, and a resin cast where, someday, the real Elmo will go.

As you wander farther in, the place starts to seem less like a natural-history museum, and more like a Spencer Gifts. In one room, you can talk on a phone with a carved wooden handset in the shape of a penis. Stop to peer at a cabinet of phallic curios, and one of them, a toy figure of a flasher, activates automatically. Its mechanical arms pull open a trench coat to expose a cartoonish erection, and its voice box screeches licentious come-ons.

Such idiosyncrasies reflect the interests, and humor, of 71-year-old Sigurdur Hjartarson, who founded the museum in 1997. It is his personal collection, which he has pieced together over the past four decades. Hjartarson insists there's nothing lewd about his hobby. "I have kept away all pornographic things from the museum," he says.

Only a handful of small art objects in the museum

depict penises involved in sex acts. These are kept in a case covered by a black felt cloth, with a sign warning that its contents may be offensive to some patrons.

The patrons Hjartarson had in mind were a couple of old German ladies who stopped by a few years ago. He says the two took a long time perusing everything, and then confronted him. Although they generally approved of what they saw, he says they complained that certain items were "too pornographic." Hjartarson's self-censorship is an understandable response, considering that, despite the country's reputation for being sexually liberal, pornography is illegal in Iceland.

Apart from an elderly Frau or two, what sort of visitor does the museum attract? Hjartarson says they tend to be younger, but that "women have been in the majority almost all the time."

If it's not a coincidence, what could account for the missing men? Maybe guys worry that a whale's whopper would make their peters feel puny. "Men are always comparing with their own," Hjartarson says, but he points out that penis size is always relative to body size.

Or perhaps it's that men, given a choice, prefer a more pornographic museum. Check out our round-up of 15 sex-themed museums around the globe on the following pages.

A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE







AROUND THE WORLD

Museums can make you smarter, more cultured, more well-rounded—and, if you pick the right one, horny. By Christine Colby







Antique Vibrator Museum





World Erotic Art Museum





San Francisco, California: Antique Vibrator

Located in the Good Vibrations sex-toy shop on Polk Street, this collection includes examples of joy buzzers dating all the way back to the 1800s. Sexologist Dr. Carol Queen offers tours.

AntiqueVibratorMuseum.com

Las Vegas, Nevada: Erotic Heritage Museum

A partnership between a strip-club mogul and a preacher, this museum houses a vast collection of artifacts, films, and art, and also holds workshops, lectures, and performances. According to its website, it's "dedicated to the belief that sexual pleasure and fun are natural aspects of the human experience, that such pleasure must be made available to all, and that our individual sexuality belongs to each of us." Rock on.

Erotic Heritage Museum Las Vegas.com

Las Vegas, Nevada: Burlesque Hall of Fame

This collection of burlesque artifacts from the nineteenth century (vintage pasties and G-strings!) to the present was founded by former peeler Jennie Lee, who called it Exotic World. After her death in 1990, curation fell to another retired ecdysiast, Dixie Evans. Despite the name change, the museum still hosts the annual Miss Exotic World pageant, to celebrate the rising stars of neo-burlesque. BurlesqueHall.com

Miami Beach, Florida: World Erotic Art Museum

The largest collection of erotic art in America resides in this 12,000-square-foot South Beach museum. From Biblical antiquities to Rembrandt to Tom of Finland, there is sexy art for all tastes. WEAM.com

New York, New York: Museum of Sex

This multilevel wonderland, which opened on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue in 2002, showcases dirty educational exhibits and erotic art, boasts an aphrodisiac bar, and hosts sexy parties, lectures, and workshops. It also houses a multimedia research library.

MuseumOfSex.com

A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE











Barcelona, Spain: Museu de l'eròtica

This may be the only museum whose admission includes a free drink. It also boasts more than 800 pieces of art and historical relics celebrating eroticism. There are exhibits of pinups, comics, century-old dirty postcards, and sadomasochistic devices (demonstrated on mannequins).

Erotica-Museum.com/en/filosofia.html

Paris, France: Musée de l'érotisme

This seven-floor museum, devoted to the collections of an antique dealer and a teacher, has exhibits that range from art, both ancient and contemporary, to pornographic films, and includes revolving exhibits. Most unusual is the entire floor of documents, photographs, and drawings about the legal brothels of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Paris.

Musee-Erotisme.com

Amsterdam, Netherlands: Sex Museum

Located in the busiest section of Amsterdam, the world's oldest sex museum is housed in a seventeenth-century building and is tourist-friendly (and open to anyone 16 and older) and full of spectacle. It features rooms named after such infamous figures of sex history as Mata Hari, Oscar Wilde, and the Marquis de Sade, complete with appropriate soundtracks piped in through hidden speakers. The collection includes Chinese pillow books; a wax Marilyn Monroe, whose skirt flies up via pumped-in air; and a sixteenth-century chastity belt.

SexMuseumAmsterdam.nl

Berlin, Germany: Erotik Museum

At age 77, Beate Uhse, who was the only German female stunt pilot in the 1930s, opened this museum, which features erotic art and porn movies. She also opened the world's first sex shop in 1962, after having been a mail-order educator on birth control and "marital hygiene." Perhaps the immensity of her awesomeness is why it's also the only museum to host Ladies' Night "dildoparties." Someone make a movie about this woman, please. **ErotikMuseum.Beate-Uhse.com**

Prague, Czech Republic: Sex Machines Museum

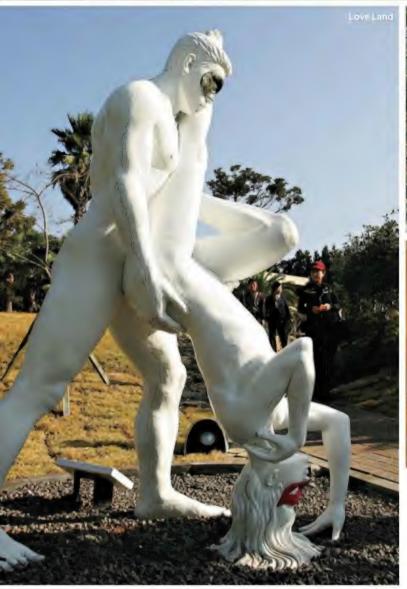
This is the only museum dedicated to erotic devices, including some from as far back in history as the 1700s. In addition to the mechanical appliances, there's a collection of sexy art, vintage porn films (including what may be the first filmed threesome, from 1925), and even "erotic clothing."

SexMachinesMuseum.com

Naples, Italy: Secret Museum

The Naples National Archeological Museum has a "Secret Museum," or "Secret Cabinet," where relics from the ancient city of Pompeii are stored—just the really naughty ones. When Pompeii was being excavated in 1821, all the dirty frescoes and artifacts were deemed obscene and locked away from the public. They even bricked up the doorway to the collection in 1849. After a long history of censorship and brief reopenings, the collection became public again in 2000, to visitors 11 and up.

sbanap.campaniabeniculturali.it







China Sex Museum exhibits unconventional sexual behavior and ancient pornography, with some relics from 9,000 years ago.

Jeju Island, South Korea: Love Land

Originally a honeymoon destination for newlyweds in the awkward partnerships of arranged marriages, this "humorous sexual theme park" was designed to break the ice and get couples in the mood. Sexthemed statuary, some of giant genitals, combined with sex-education films could make this a primo date spot. The park provides a play area for those younger than 18.

JejuLoveLand.com

Sinnam, South Korea: Haesindang Park

This "penis park" was, ahem, erected to appease the angry spirit of a woman who never got any, as she drowned right before her wedding. Her death was thought to curse the town, until a local fisherman whipped it out to pee in the sea, which seemed to change the town's luck. This phallic sculptural park makes sure that the spirit of the wanting woman will always be able to ogle some peen. There is also a temple, a folk museum, and penis-shaped benches to rest on after your hike through the park.

AtlasObscura.com/PlaceHaesindang-ParkO+ =

Moscow: Tochka G Museum of Erotic Art

The website says it's "a Disney-Land for adults"—check out the photos of nude beauties visiting the museum, and pics of a dominatrix auctioning off her slaves. They must be doing something right, as in September they were attacked by "Orthodox militant" activists, provoked by the museum's educational pamphlets about the G spot and its support of controversial all-girl punk band Pussy Riot.

Tongli, China: China Sex Museum

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (2) CHUNG SUNG-JUN/GETTY IMAGES, CHINA PHOTOS/GETTY IMAGES

Originally based in Shanghai, in 2004 this museum was relocated about 50 miles away, due to government censorship. The founder, Professor Liu Dalin, is known as the Alfred Kinsey of China, owing to an extensive survey of Chinese sexual practices he published in 1997. The museum features exhibits on unconventional sexual behavior and ancient pornography, with some relics from as far back as 9,000 years ago. The website warns that many of the exhibits are "sexually very explicit." Score.

www2.hu-Berlin.de/Sexology/CSM





natural beauty

Nineteen-year-old Allie James is poised to hit the big time in adult entertainment, and we jumped at the chance to feature the 36-28-37 performer, who hails from a small town in upstate New York. And while she describes herself as "an ordinary girl with an extraordinary job," we're sure you'll agree that there's not a thing about her that's ordinary.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

















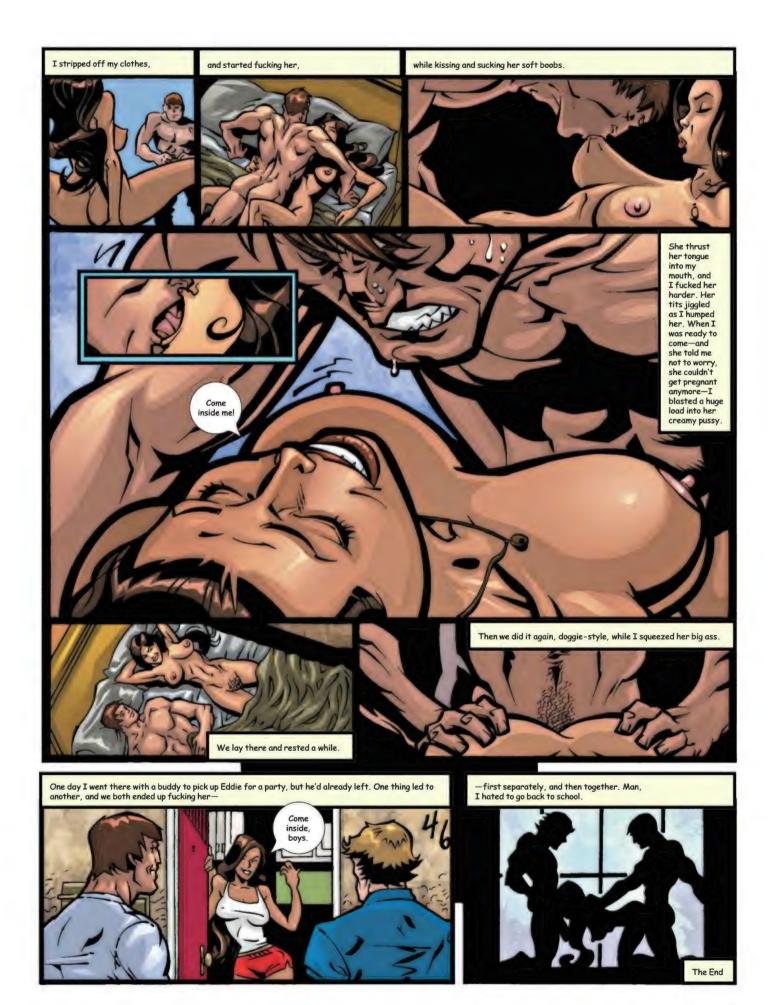








Oh, yeah—I liked.







While there's plenty of wild and crazy in American porn, we've got nothing on the Japanese, who have turned fetishism into an art form.

By Barbara Pizio

Illustrations by Joshua K. Nahas

o the average dirty-minded Joe, Japan is the land that introduced the world to bukkake and usedpanty vending machines, but that merely scratches the surface of the country's legendary debauchery. To outsiders unfamiliar with Japan's social constructs, its citizens' pornography may seem wildly contradictory, especially when comparing the low crime rate to the sometimes violent and degrading imagery in the smut. But it's important to remember that taboos are heavily influenced by cultural expectations—and are often the defining factor in what's considered kinky. In Judeo-Christian cultures, religion and guilt play somewhat static, ever-present roles in determining what's sinful. Japan, however, works within a different set of parameters. Religious prohibitions aren't what make a salaryman's world spin, but rather the concepts of social shame and embarrassment.

For the Japanese, roles and behaviors are codified, and vary greatly depending on personal relationships and context. These specialized rules lead not only to a society that runs with precision, but also one that's ripe for compartmentalized sexual behavior—and for the jizz biz, that

spells opportunity.

There are plenty of quirky kinks in Japan's adult-entertainment industry that tap into deviant desires and the hunger for rebellion, from print magazines and hard-core videos to startling hentai animation and roleplay brothels. In Japan, it doesn't matter how perverse one's fantasies are—as long as those fantasies are indulged in the proper manner and setting. Playing by the rules keeps the status quo, avoids embarrassment for everyone, and allows the fetishist to personally save face.

Here are a few ways in which curious Japanese explore taboo fantasies.

KK

fetishwatch



I而EKUR太

The word itself is a play on the English phrase "image club." These brothels encourage men to behave in otherwise socially unacceptable

manners—hidden from the prying eyes of judgmental friends and neighbors.

Specialized sex clubs certainly aren't a unique invention, but *imekuras* add distinct cultural touches with such scenarios as simulated crowded trains for groping "unsuspecting" women, a practice known as *chikan*; classrooms stocked with perverse "students"; business settings with office ladies available to be sexually harassed (*sekuhara*); and airplane interiors staffed by full-service faux flight attendants.



BROKEN DOLLS

This term is taken from the title of a book by French photographer Romain Slocombe, *City of the Broken Dolls*; in his work, Slocombe

captured images of Japanese women in splints and casts, with fake bruises and injuries. It's related to medical fetishism—iryou fetchi—which features young women swathed in bondagelike bandages. Both iryou fetchi and broken dolls have influenced Japanese fetish-club wear and Tokyo street fashion. Harajuku girls are a subset of society for whom dressing in attention-grabbing outfits is a form of social rebellion, and the Guro Lolita among them take their fetishized baby-doll style of dress to the next gory level. By adding blood spatters, bruises, and eye patches, Guro Lolitas simulate the look of life-size broken dolls.



CXT-ZFYbbld

The catfight, called *kyatto faito*, is so in-demand among Japanese fetish fans that a number of subgenres have developed, including extreme

catfights—which can be incredibly violent and result in knockouts—and cosplay catfights, in which the women tussle while wearing schoolgirl uniforms or other anime-style costumes. Cat-slapping, an English-based loaner word, is yet another subset. Rather than scheduling matches, cat-slapping crews take a more gonzo-style approach, filming actresses who walk up to supposedly unsuspecting women and slap their faces. In these videos, the money shot is the assaulted woman's shocked reaction. For the Japanese, avoiding conflict is part of the social order, so such a brazen act is inherently taboo, and thus titillating.



GOUKAN PURE

"Rape play" provides an imaginary tour of a predatory stalker's mind. In these disturbing scenarios, a woman is photographed or videotaped as

she goes about her daily routine before she's the victim of a fake sexual assault. Goukan pure movies are scripted beforehand and often cast well-known adult actresses in the roles of hunted office ladies or housewives, creating fictional worlds in which violent behavior is seemingly tolerated.





TEGANE-KO

This is a girl who wears glasses. The fetishistic desire for these ladies, and for related adult videos featuring them, is based on the stereotype

that a young woman who wears glasses is studious, shy, and obedient—until she finds the right guy, the one willing to take a chance on a demure girl. This type of porn taps into the tantalizing idea of a respectable woman turning into a sexual tigress.



KEISOKU FETCHI

Ah, the weird, wonderful world of the measurement fetish, which appeals to the sexual deviant with OCD for useless data. In this type of porn,

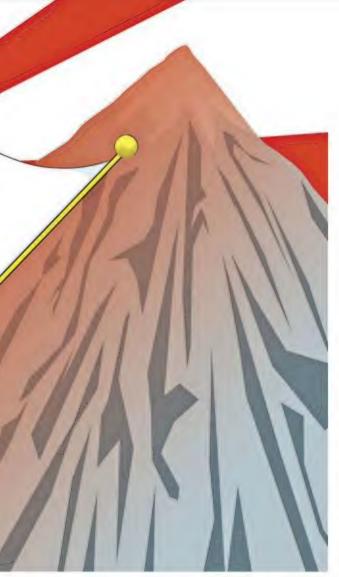
vaginas are "tested" to see how wide they can be spread with speculums, and the genitals of women and men are carefully measured with rulers and calipers. Perhaps for fans, it's as simple as wanting to see how others measure up.



KITANAI KUTZUSHITA FETCHI

Foot fetishism is the most common kink in America, and while Japan has its share of admirers of pretty

feet, there's a subset who are fans of *kitanai kutzushita fetchi*, which means "dirty under the shoes." The dirtier a woman's sock-clad feet are,



the better. Videos and photo sets will show a young woman wearing knee socks who walks through mud or other filth, then shows off her soiled soles. This brings together a love of feet and a desire to flout the rules about cleanliness, not surprising in a culture where outdoor shoes must always be removed before going indoors because of concerns about dirt.



BODY CALLIGRAPHY

Sometimes called *oshouji*, or "body graffiti," this dates back to the freewheeling days of Edoperiod Japan (1600–1867). Fans

of smutty history are no doubt familiar with the carnal shenanigans of the "Floating World," licensed red-light districts with Kabuki theaters, brothels, and teahouses that were the hip sites for urban pleasure-seekers. Their relatively straitlaced adventures were captured for eternity in woodblock prints known as *ukiyo-e*—pictures of the Floating World—while their sexual dalliances were documented in explicit *shunga* prints, which are as graphic as modern-day pornography.

Oshouji is the process of writing obscenities on a woman's body: besmirching her naked figure with dirty words. This is rarely practiced in modern-day Japan, but it's occasionally seen in manga and hentai, oftentimes within a BDSM storyline. Oshouji was an integral part of the 1996 film The Pillow Book, which starred Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor

as lovers who use each other's body as canvases for their artistic writings.



KINB太KU

"Tight binding," a striking and intricate rope-bondage practice that's also known as *shibari*, has a long history that can be traced

back to the Edo-period practice of hojojutsu, in which prisoners being transported were bound with rope in very specific ways, depending on the person's class status, age, gender, and offense. During its early days, erotic imagery involving kinbaku was nearly nonexistent, but twentieth-century practitioners of bondage and discipline were quick to turn this symbol of transgression into erotic fun.

Artist Seiu Ito, the "father of modern kinbaku," is also known as a "painter of perversion," due to his photographs and illustrations of women in bondage—including a notorious photo of his pregnant wife. His first book, Seme no Kenkyu (Research on Torture), was banned soon after its release in 1928, but despite that censorship, he continued to create controversial kinbaku-based art until his death in 1961. Ito's work, which highlights the kinbaku's sexual aesthetic, continues to inspire new generations of artists and kinksters.



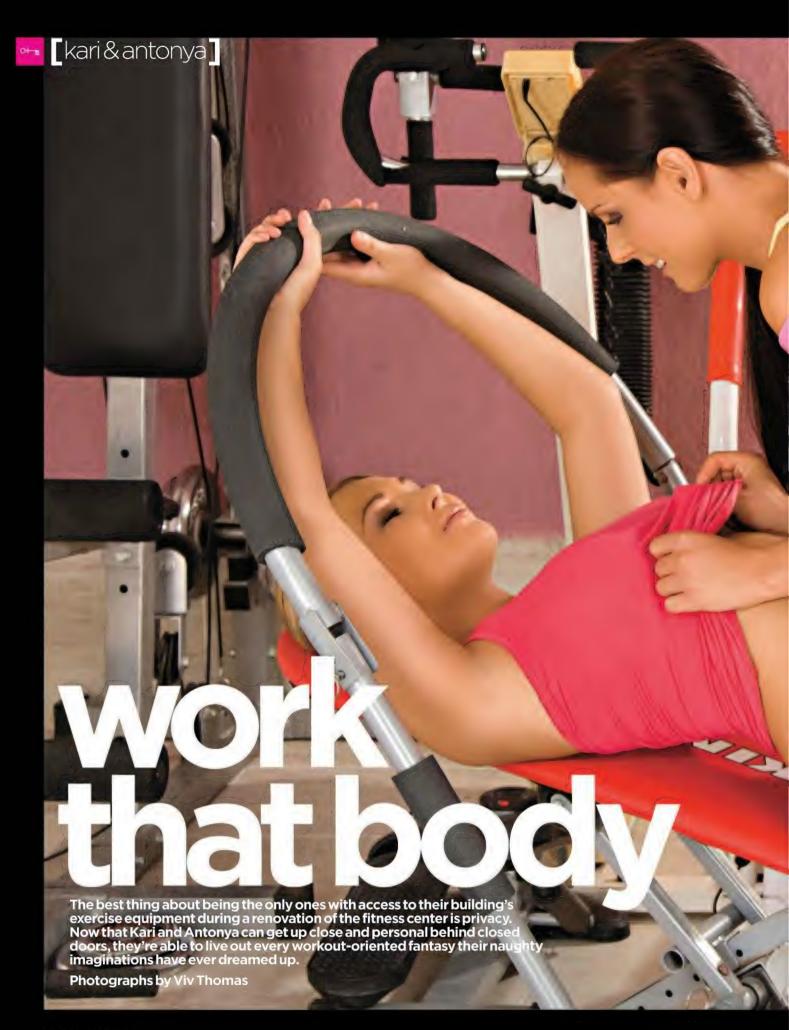
SHOKUSHU SMUT

The internet has long wriggled with pornographic animation and drawings of women having sex with tentacled, and often

mythical, creatures, but depictions of this fetish existed long before computers. One of the earliest images of tentacle sex-shokushu-was the erotic wood-block print "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife" in the 1814 book Kinge no komatsu, by Katsushika Hokusai. Taken out of its original context, modern-day audiences might interpret the illustration as degrading, but it's actually an interpretation of a legend favored during Japan's Edo period. The tale relates the story of Princess Tamatori, a pearl diver, who steals a jewel from the undersea palace of the dragon god of the sea. During the course of her escape, she's shown having a consensual sexual encounter with a pair of octopi who'd been pursuing her.

Modern-day tentacle porn, however, owes much of its existence to censorship. Twentieth-century prohibitions on depicting penile penetration led Toshio Maeda to create *Demon Beast Invasion*, a 1989 manga series in which a race of alien-demons seeks to breed with humans to create hybrid beasts in an effort to conquer the planet. While penises were verboten, tentacles were not, and *Demon Beast Invasion* unwittingly paved the way for the release of a variety of lewd, squirmy animation during the 1990s.

This means that in its effort to suppress sexual imagery, the Japanese government actually helped inspire the propagation of an entirely different perversion, confirming that, within the right context, just about anything can become a fetish.





































CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



MOOBS

I am 32 years old and I have been in prison for nine years now. Here they serve soy food in place of real meat. I've been eating this soy for over six years. My girlfriend and I notice that I've been developing man boobs. I mean, they are really big. I don't know if this is from the sov meat or from just gaining weight. How do I get rid of them fast? Can I exercise? If so, what kind of exercise can I do? I can't take medicine or pills here, but are there any pills to treat this problem that I could take when I am a free man?

Don't feel too bad. When it comes to moobs, you're in good company. Jack Nicholson has the baddest twins around, and doesn't appear to give a fuck. Ice-T has been seen at the beach sporting a set, too (though next to his wife Coco's 39DDs, you hardly notice). It's estimated that 30 to 70 percent of men get moobs at some point.

People often speculate that eating a lot of soy leads to moob growth. That's because there are chemicals in sovbeans called isoflavones that are similar to estrogen, the female sex hormone that makes breasts grow. There's a case of a man who grew breasts after chugging three quarts of soy milk a day for six months. His estrogen levels were four times higher than normal. But studies show that eating a diet moderately rich in isoflavones doesn't raise men's estrogen levels anywhere

near that much, if at all.

I'm guessing you get served chunks of textured soy protein, or real meat bulked up with soy protein. Assuming that mealtime in prison is not an all-you-caneat buffet, you couldn't be getting more isoflavones in your diet than an average man in soy-loving Japan or China. At that level, soy has no real effect on estrogen in a man's body.

If it isn't soy, I wonder if your man boobs are actual breast tissue or just fat?
Some guys have fat deposits on their chests that only look like boobs. But many men grow actual breast tissue, often as a result of aging, gaining weight, or both.

Weight gain and aging lower testosterone, the male sex hormone, which is what prevents men from growing breasts. Men and women have both testosterone and estrogen in their bodies, but in younger men, testosterone normally dominates.

Testosterone levels drop gradually, with that reduction increasing after age 30. In addition, body fat breaks down testosterone and turns it into estrogen. If you pack on a lot of fat, your hormonal balance tips in favor of estrogen.

Slimming down might not make breast tissue go away, if that's what it is. But it would make your boobage look less feminine. If your man boobs do consist of fat, then exercise might be the solution. The best exercise for burning fat is the kind that gets your heart rate up, like walking or running.

Drugs for treating breast cancer are also used to shrink breast tissue in men. Even if you can't get a prescription in your current situation, you might want to get checked out by a doctor, because breast-tissue growth in men could be caused by a more serious health problem.

BONER KILLER

I recently got into cycling for exercise. I've heard that bike seats can cause erectile dysfunction. Is there anything I can do to prevent that from happening?

There can be little doubt that spending a lot of time with your crotch wedged on a bike seat, especially a racing-style seat, can cause erectile dysfunction and desensitize the penis. There's some evidence that cycling may cause loss of sensation in the clitoris and vagina, too.

The likely reason is that sitting on a long, narrow bike seat puts a lot of pressure on the perineum. That's the area of your crotch between your tailbone and pubic bone. Over time, directing so much pressure there damages nerves and blood vessels involved in getting an erection.

Concerns about this started to surface in the eighties. Makers of cycling gear eventually responded by making split and cutout seats, the idea being that your butt cheeks rest on the seat but nothing presses on your perineum. Nice try, but that only reduces the seat's overall surface area, and puts *more* pressure on the perineum. The real culprit is a seat's projecting front part, or "nose." It doesn't matter if the seat back is split or has cutouts if you're still putting your weight on the narrow nose part.

You needn't let this keep you from taking up cycling, though. It's good exercise. Plus, David Byrne has a lot of good things to say about it.

Here's what doctors say to do to prevent sexual problems:

1. Choose the right seat. Buy a wide one with no nose. The most important thing is that it's noseless. Wider seats are better, although they look kind of old-ladyish. Racers might make fun of you, but you can take comfort in still being able to fuck. Also, look for a seat with a hard surface. Tests show that a hard seat, for whatever reason, lets more blood flow to the penis than a padded one.

- 2. Set the seat horizontal, not tipped up or down, and sit upright. The basic idea is that you want to sit like you would on a chair.
 - 3. Stand up on the pedals as often as you can.
- 4. Ride a road bike—not a mountain bike—unless you intend to actually go mountain biking. A study showed that mountain-bike riders were more likely to get erectile dysfunction than guys on road bikes.



OTOGRAHS (LEFT) BY AMER GHAZZAL/GETTY IMAGES, (BELOW) JONATHAN KITCHEN/GETTY IM

















ARE MEN MORE VISUAL?

Are men really more visual than women when it comes to sex, or is popular belief all wrong?

I think it's fair to say that popular belief has it right. Basically, More or less, Except for a few details.

As popular belief has it, men are aroused by what they see, and what turns women on is more than meets the eye-stuff like talking and trust, and suchlike. Popular belief also indicates that this difference is hardwired in men and women. It's on that point that I have to clear my throat, push my horn-rim glasses up on my nose, and say, "Well, actually ... "

That's not to say that women are immune to sexy visuals, Experiments have shown that women are about as likely as men to be physically aroused by erotic pictures and movies. Studies have also shown that men and women viewing sexual images have similar patterns of brain activity. So if anything is hardwired, it's similarity, not difference. But men and women do tend to differ in how they feel about what they see.

Put porn in front of a man, and see what happens. If he likes it, he gets hard. With women, it's often not so simple. In a few different experiments, it wasn't unusual for women to say they didn't feel aroused while watching a porn scene even though they got objectively, measurably hot in the panties. Were they fibbing? Maybe some were. But a more likely explanation is that, for women, genital arousal doesn't reliably match up with their feelings. In contrast, a guy's boner is a pretty good gauge of how he feels.

The fact that women are supposed to be less visual than men could affect how they respond to what they see. Popular belief has a powerful effect on people. If a woman believes it's not normal for women to get aroused by visual input, she may resist feeling aroused by it. If you think that genital response is the true measure of arousal, then you could say that conflicted feelings don't count: some people take that view. But I don't see people as meat machines. so I view arousal as overall positive physical and emotional excitement. As such, I'd have to agree that men are more visual than women. partly because that's what we expect.

Men and women also tend to differ in the way they look at and relate to erotic scenes. In general, women appear to pay more attention to context than men do. Studies suggest that women tend to be more aroused when they can imagine themselves as the woman in the scene, and noticing things about the setting, story, and what the models are wearing may help them literally get into the scene. Men, not surprisingly, tend to concentrate on body parts, faces, and action.

Another difference is that women tend to be equally aroused by sexual images of men and women. But straight, gay, and transsexual men show a preference for images of the sex they're mainly attracted to.

Now, there's something that bugs me about all this. These observations are based entirely on people in research laboratories looking at pictures and videos. No study I know of has used live models or real-world settings. We assume that the way people respond to images is the same way they respond to real people. I can't help but wonder if there's any difference between the sexes when they get an eyeful of living, breathing hotness, Also, wouldn't you think that men, out of fear of popping wood, might be more likely to get sexually excited, but not physically aroused, when they're in public?

Perhaps men and women are more or less visual depending on such factors as where they are, who they're with, and whether the object of their gaze is 2-D and made of pixels, or 3-D and made of flesh. I strongly suspect we don't know as much as we believe we do.O



Make Up

This brand manager for a top beautysupply company goes home every night with a smile on his face.

As told to Greg Hudock

hen I got a job as a brand manager for a cosmetics company, I figured all that exposure to those cute chicks at makeup counters meant that my chances with women would be better than they had been when my ass was unemployed. But nothing could have prepared me for the reality. I'm not kidding when I say that at any given time, I could have three or four different shades of lipstick tinting the base of my dick. As the only straight male working with the store employees, I have a lot of opportunities to get laid.

My first score came my first week on the job, with Christine, a cute blonde in her early twenties. She had shoulder-length hair, big brown eyes, and enormous tits that I tried not to stare at. My job is to make sure each store that carries our products does so to the best of its ability. I was showing her how to arrange boxes of perfume in the way the main office had specified when she inadvertently knocked over the display. When she knocked over the half-reassembled display a short time later, we both bent over to pick up the boxes. I said, "You should really be more caref-" I didn't get to finish my sentence. She had her tongue in my mouth.

"I want to knock down all these boxes," she whispered. "I want you to fuck me on top of all of them." Dumbfounded by her bold advance, I took control: "We can fuck, but not here. Let's go to a changing room!"

As I peeked up from under the counter, I noticed that an elderly woman was staring at us. I told the blue-haired voyeur, "Sorry, ma'am, the store is closing, and I still need to give this girl some on-the-job training."

Christine and I raced to the changing rooms. As soon as the door was

locked, she pulled off her shirt and bra so I could play with her massive breasts. "They're DDs," she said with pride. I mumbled, "Very nice," as I sucked her hard nipples.

"I want you inside me," she said, as she pulled down her thong and lifted up her skirt. I sat on the bench as she straddled me. She lowered herself slowly onto my dick, going deeper with each thrust. She began to really ride me hard. "Oh, my God," she said in a hushed moan. "I'm coming!" As I felt her pussy contract, I shot a huge load deep into her. In her employee report, I rated her "above average."

One evening after work, I ran into two women who worked at the cosmetics counter at the nearby mall. "Hey, Patrick, how are you?" asked Debbie, an attractive brunette in her thirties. She was drinking Martinis with Susan, a 28-year-old blonde. Debbie had just gotten divorced from a guy she described as "boring in bed," and she was on the prowl. When we finished our drinks, Debbie suggested we all go back to her place.

When we got to her house, Debbie went to change, leaving Susan and me alone. "Her husband would never fuck her in the ass," said Susan, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Come with me," she said, as she led me up the stairs.

Susan opened a door to reveal Debbie's beautiful figure, naked on her bed. They had clearly been planning this. "Did you tell him what I want?" asked Debbie. Susan nodded. Debbie flipped over and pointed her ass toward me, spreading her cheeks. "You like?" she asked.

"I haven't got any lube," I replied.

"Susan, get that moisturizer sample out of my bag. I'd like to try it out!"

Susan squeezed some moisturizer on Debbie's ass. "Put some on his dick, too," Debbie said, and Susan stroked me, then put a condom on me. I slowly inched into Debbie's ass.

I slowly inched into Debbie's ass. She was incredibly tight. As I felt her muscles relax, I said, "Susan, I think Debbie would like to taste you."

A compliant Susan stripped naked, crawled onto the bed, and spread her legs for Debbie. As Debbie began snacking on Susan's pussy, I fucked her ass harder. It was amazing to hear how much more energy Debbie used to lick and finger Susan's pussy as I fucked her ass harder and deeper.

"I think I'd like a taste, too," I said as I began to lick Susan's pussy lips.

"Fuck me!" was all Susan said.
I suited up with a new condom
and slid into Susan. The wetness of
her pussy was unbelievable. Debbie
had really gotten her warmed up. I
was lying on my back, Susan was on
top facing me, and Debbie sat on my
face. The two of them made out while
Susan rode my dick and I tonguefucked Debbie's twat. After about ten
minutes, I yelled, "I'm going to come!"

Debbie jumped off my face, Susan jumped off my cock, and they pulled off the condom and took turns sucking me off. Debbie, obviously the more adventurous of the two, gargled with my come before she leaned over and spit it into Susan's mouth. Susan played with it, too, before spitting it back into Debbie's mouth. Then, with a gulp and a grin, Debbie said, "All gone."

I haven't been on the job long, but if the perks keep coming like I've been coming, I'll be sticking around.

It was amazing to hear how much more energy Debbie used to lick and finger Susan's pussy as I fucked her ass harder and deeper.

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The Perfect Guest

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXVII: Sultry Passions, Sinful Desires, from Grand Central Publishing.



recent visit from my sister's best friend will not be forgotten. Jennifer, a new college graduate, needed a place to stay for a week while interviewing for jobs in New York City. I was all too happy to oblige this 22-year-old sex kitten, who had the angelic face of a fashion model, with full, pouty lips, and the tits and ass of a centerfold. This was confirmed after a very wet and sweaty fuck.

I should mention that I'm 25, tall, and very muscular. I work out often at my company's health club and run a few mornings each week before work. After running one morning, I jumped into the shower to get ready before Jennifer got up.

Dripping wet, I went looking for a towel, and made my way toward my room. Standing in the hallway was Jennifer, wearing a silky nightgown and matching robe, along with a shocked look on her face. I made no attempt to cover myself. I just gave her my sexiest smile and said, "Good morning." Jennifer returned the smile, but just stood there, staring. I walked over to her, leaned forward, and gave her a soft kiss.

When she didn't push away, I wrapped my arms around her and slipped my tongue into her mouth. She responded to my kisses with equal relish, as my hands caressed their way down her back to the cheeks of her firm ass. She snuggled against my bare chest and pressed her pussy against my balls, leaving my raging cock poking at her stomach.

"Your mouth sure tastes sweet, baby," I whispered in her ear as I removed her robe. "Is the rest of you that sweet?"

Jennifer grabbed my dick and smiled, then said, "Why don't you find that out for yourself?"

I picked her up and carried her to my bedroom. In doing so, my cockhead rubbed against her slit. "Fuck me," she moaned.

"First I'm going to get you out of your nightie, and then I'm going





I increased my speed and thrust my cock hard, burying it to the hilt. She ground her ass around in a circle and matched me stroke for stroke, howling with lust.

teasingly waved my shaft out of her mouth's reach. She solved her dilemma by grabbing my cock and letting those luscious lips of hers mold themselves around it. "Suck it, baby," I moaned. She worked on my dick for a few minutes, and it was great, but I had other plans. "That's enough, honey. I'm going to fuck you now."

She was ready. "Yes. Please fuck me. I can't stand it anymore. I need it so bad."

She spread her legs wide apart. I crawled up her body and pressed the head of my rock-hard cock against her wet opening and said, "You do want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes! Fuck me. Give me your dick!" she moaned.

Thrusting my hips forward, I buried my cock to the balls inside her slippery pussy.

"Oh, yes," she whispered. I silenced her with a long, thirsty kiss and pulled my cock back and slowly pushed forward again. She wrapped her legs around me while I continued to fuck her with slow, steady thrusts that she met with enthusiasm.

"Fuck me harder," she repeated breathlessly. She dug her fingers into

my ass as lincreased my speed and thrust my cock hard, burying it to the hilt inside her cunt. She ground her ass around in a circle and matched me stroke for stroke, howling with lust as I pounded her swollen cunt.

"That's it, baby. Move that sweet ass and fuck me back. Get ready, I'm coming!" I growled.

"Do it," she implored. She thrust herself against me. "Come in my pussy. It feels so good. Oh, yeah! I'm coming!"

We lost it together. I grabbed her supple ass and shot my load deep inside her creamy cunt.

"You were great, baby. Let's get breakfast," I said with a laugh, while playfully tugging at her tits. Jennifer instead suggested a shower.

We continued groping each other in the steamy shower with the wanton enthusiasm of lovers committed to nothing but raw and unbridled lust. What a way to start the day!

Jennifer continues to look for employment. Meanwhile, we spend our free time fucking each other senseless. Jennifer's enjoying her job search, and you can be sure her presence here is more than welcome.-M.G., New York

to kiss your pussy," I told her. I put her down, slid off her robe, and pulled off her nightie. Then I laid her down on the bed, slipped my hands under her amazing ass, and pulled down her panties. Crawling between her legs, I buried my face in her silky labia. I snaked my tongue deep inside her pussy and worked it in and out of her cunt and up to her clit.

"That's it, oh, you've got it!" she moaned softly as she humped my face. I reached up and wrapped my hands around her tits, and squeezed her hard nipples between my fingers. "Oh, that feels good. Fuck me," she moaned again.

"Oh, I'll fuck you baby. Count on it. First I want you to suck my dick," I breathed, as I moved to sit on the side of the bed.

Jennifer got down on her knees between my legs and stared at my prick, then asked with a smile, "What do I do now?"

"Just kiss it all over. Wrap your hands around my big dick and then put your lips on it. Enjoy yourself,

As she moved to engulf my dick, I





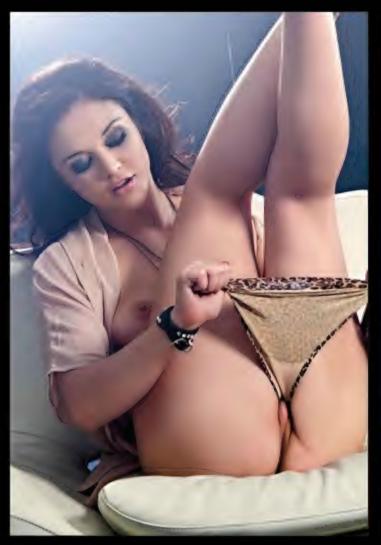




Sologan's run of good luck

Ending this year with a pictorial in these pages is the culmination of a string of happy events in the life of 22-year-old Logan Drae. "I'm a house dancer in a club in Atlanta, but I'm on my way to becoming a feature entertainer," she says. "I'm proud to say that I left everything I had onstage at my first contest this summer, and I walked away with four titles! Now, seeing myself in Penthouse will be a moment I'll relive for the rest of my life."

Photographs by Shaun Goodrich

































TAKING CONTROL

I invite David over, saying I have a surprise for him. When I answer the door, his gorgeous blue eyes widen and his breath quickens. I'm thrilled by his response to my breasts bulging out of a black-lace bustier, the black-lace garter belt holding my stockings in place, and my thigh-high black boots with five-inch spiked heels. He bends to kiss me, pulling me close, and I feel his stiff and hard erection in his jeans.

I lead David to the dining room table, directing him to a chair and telling him to place his hands behind him. As he complies, I explain that tonight it's my turn to pleasure him, and I bind his hands behind the chair. I place a silk scarf over his eyes. I want him to savor every bite I've prepared for him. "Open," I instruct, placing a small bite on his tongue.

"Mmm, veal Marsala, my favorite," he says. My body reacts to his moans as I imagine it's me he's tasting. I feed him slowly, giving him sips of wine between bites. After the main course is done, I tell him he's going to love dessert.

His lips are slightly parted in a grin, so I know he's enjoying this. I bring a chocolate-dipped strawberry to his lips, which causes another satisfied moan. Goose bumps flare all over my body, and my mouth waters with the desire to have him respond to my lips on his stiff cock instead of to the food.

"Open," I instruct. As he complies, Hower the bustier and bring my right nipple to his mouth.

"Now, that's dessert," he says, before he sucks on my nipple and laps it with his tongue, biting it lightly.

I remove David's clothing, beginning with his shoes and socks. I take his toes into my mouth, sucking each slightly, eliciting a slight moan and then a laugh when I run my tongue over his arch. I didn't know he was ticklish, and a smile spreads across my

My mouth waters with the desire to have David respond to my lips on his stiff cock. I bring my nipple to his mouth. lips. I climb, very slowly, up his legs, running my hands over his body as I go. I bypass his hard cock to nibble and suck on his sensitive nipples. Finally, not able to take any more, I kiss him feverishly, igniting his desire to the heights I'm already experiencing.

I untie David's hands, instructing him to keep them behind his back, not allowing him to touch me as I remove his shirt. Once it's off, I bind his hands once again, to force his compliance. He's an alpha male, so he's having trouble relinquishing control, making it all the more sweet for me.

I remove his jeans, freeing his stiff, throbbing cock. I kiss him again, hearing him moan into my mouth as our tongues play. Then, I pull back from the deep, erotic pleasure of his mouth and begin kissing down his chest and stomach. His cock jumps with excitement at what's to come.

I take his cock into my mouth, all at once, deep into my throat. He moans and rocks his hips forward.

"Take off the blindfold. I want to watch," David begs.

I do, only because I like it when he watches me suck his dick. I caress his

thighs with my hands and run my nails over them, and he responds with a shudder. Leaning forward, I run my tongue over his balls and take them, one at a time, into my mouth while tonguing them. As always, my pussy is instantly wet, and I'm certain he can smell that I want him.

Running my tongue back up his shaft, I take him into my mouth while gently cupping his balls. He encourages me, saying, "Oh, yes, that's it! I love the way you suck my cock!"

I add the pressure of my hand to the wet silkiness of my mouth and stroke at an increasing speed. David begs me to fuck him, and I love the raspy sound of desire in his voice, the excitement and approval. I keep his dick in my mouth and he begins to thrust hard, fucking my mouth. He jerks one last time, and my mouth is filled with the sweet and salty taste of his come. I swallow it all, sucking him lightly as I clean up every last drop.

I can't believe it, but David's cock is still hard. He demands that I untie him, growling that it's his turn. I quickly comply, looking forward to what's to come.

"Have I told you how sexy you look?" David asks, knowing that his voice excites me. He kisses me till my knees just about buckle, then, without warning, he scoops me up and carries me into the bedroom. After he lays me on the bed, he stands for a minute, admiring my lacy lingerie and sexy boots.

Lowering himself onto the edge of the bed, he pulls down the bustier, exposing my taut, pink nipples. He takes one between his teeth while his hand rolls the other between his forefinger and thumb. He sucks and licks until I'm in a frenzy.

After he switches breasts, giving the other nipple an equal amount of attention, I'm panting with desire. I beg him to stop the torture and give me his rock-hard cock. "Patience" is

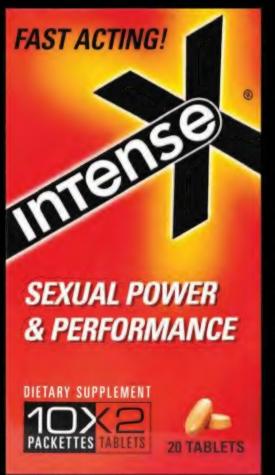
Within seconds, my pussy pulses around his fingers. Another orgasm comes quickly, leaving me panting, moaning, and soaked. his only response.

David's hands run over my abdomen and hips until, suddenly, he grabs my legs and forcefully spreads them. He runs his tongue over my clit, making me crazy with desire. I can feel my juices running down to my ass.

"Please," I beg. "Please!"

David puts two fingers inside me, watching them slide in and out of my slick pussy. He can tell I'm close to coming, so he continues sucking and licking my clit. Within seconds, he feels the release of my climax as my pussy pulses around his fingers. Another orgasm comes quickly, leaving me panting, moaning, and soaked.

David demands that I get on my knees, and, without question, I do. I love how he tops me and takes charge in bed! He spreads the lips of my cunt and pushes his hard cock into my pussy with one thrust. Reaching beneath me, he fingers my clit while pumping in and out of my drenched pussy—slowing only as I scream his name and come so he can enjoy the sensation of my pussy pulsing around his hard dick.



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"That's right, come for me-again," David demands. Using my juices as lube, he places his thumb in my ass as he pounds my pussy. In a few seconds he has me on the brink of orgasm once more. He stops, and I feel his slick cock rubbing the opening of my ass. It drives me insane and I beg, "Please fuck my ass! Please!"

Slowly, he gives me what I beg for. I feel him pushing the head of his dick into my ass, and I try to rock back on the full length of that delicious hardness. He denies me the pleasure of having all of his cock immediately, and teases me by slowly burying his dick deep in my ass.

After he's completely inside me, he pulls out to his full length before slowly pushing back in. Again, I attempt to quicken the pace. Of course, he is in control and he doesn't allow me to do so. Finally, he speeds up his thrusting and reaches around to finger my clit, making me scream.

"Fuck my ass harder," I plead. This time, he allows me the pleasure and slams his cock into my ass. As I come one more time, my body clenches around his cock and he loses control, pulling out just in time to shoot his load all over my ass, my back, and even my hair. He takes pleasure in smearing his come all over me.

Panting, we collapse on the bed. David holds out his arm and I put my head on his chest. "If I could stand, I'd jump in the shower," I whisper.

Laughing lightly, he says, "You definitely need a shower. I think I'll join you." I can sense that round three will begin shortly!-K.M., Florida

ONE FOR THE ROAD

I'd just gotten off work and was on my way to meet my husband, Charlie, at our favorite happy-hour spot. I found him at the far end of the bar. As soon as he ordered me a drink, I noticed that the bartender was new.

Her name was Darla, and she was thirtysomething, tall, and a true redhead. She wore blue jeans that fit like a glove, and her ass was beautiful. She also had on a short sweater that exposed her belly ring. She really was a fine package. I asked Charlie why he hadn't told me about her before. He said she had been there only a few days.

"Ready for another drink, Jen?" she asked. I said yes, and when she brought it to me she asked if I wanted to help her pick out some tunes on the jukebox. While we were bent over making our selections, I checked out her ass again. This time the sweater



She lowered her mouth to my waiting pussy. As her tongue lightly touched me, I heard myself saying, "Oh, yes, do me, do me!"

> had ridden up and I noticed a large tattoo that disappeared into her jeans.

We were standing close and our legs were pressed together. I got a little tingle between my thighs when she pressed a little harder. I looked at her and saw that she was looking down my shirt. I pressed back and smiled when we made eye contact.

As we went back to the bar, she told me her shift would be over in a short while, and suggested the three of us have a drink somewhere else. I said I would ask Charlie, but I was sure it would be okay with him.

It was dark when we met in the parking lot. Darla asked where we wanted to go. I looked at my husband and he said he was hungry. He wanted to pick up some steaks for dinner and cook them at our house. Darla thought it was a great idea. I told Charlie that she and I would head for home and get started on the drinks and salad.

As soon as Darla and I got into my car, she looked at me and said, "I want you." She began telling me how much she liked me, and that as soon as I'd walked into the bar she'd wanted to get to know me better. Now, all the while she was talking, her hand was resting on my knee. I didn't push her away. She slowly moved it up until it was against my mound. My breathing became more labored as she became bolder. I felt my nipples grow hard. I wanted her to reach over and touch one, but the traffic was heavy. Instead, I put my hand between her legs and pressed my palm firmly into her pussy. "Oh, yes, that feels good. Do we have far to go? I really want to touch you. I want to kiss you all over," Darla murmured in a low, sexy voice.

I was so turned-on, I could hardly talk. When we reached the house I opened the front door, and as soon as it closed. Darla pulled me to her and mashed her full lips to mine. Her tongue slipped into my mouth as she stripped off my shirt. We stumbled into the bedroom, and in a few seconds she was sliding my slacks down, leaving me in my bikini panties and bra. Her hands raced all over my body. I pulled Darla's sweater over her head, unhooked her bra, then fought the button and zipper on her jeans and tugged them down.



I ran my tongue around her swollen nipple and nipped it with my teeth, and she let out a low sound as her fingers combed through my long hair. I put my arms around her and pulled her to me. She was in a thong, and the smoothness of her fine ass got me even hotter.

She pulled me from her breast and pressed her lips to mine again, her hot tongue penetrating my mouth, searching for mine. She pulled my ass to her, grinding our twats together. I still had my hands on her ass and was pulling her as close as I could. We dry-fucked each other as we played tongue-tag.

Darla pulled her lips from mine and whispered that she had to have me—now! I couldn't say a word. I just looked her in the eyes and nodded my head. She slipped to her knees, kissing her way to her goal. I felt her hot breath blowing through my silk panties and into my little bush. My hands went to the back of her head, letting her know I was ready for whatever she wanted to do.

I stood with my back to the bed. As I sat down, she pulled down my panties, exposing my pussy. "Oh, shit, your sweet scent is driving me wild," she said. She spread my knees apart. As

she lowered her mouth to my waiting pussy, I opened myself for her. Her tongue lightly touched my outer pussy lips. I heard myself saying, "Oh, Darla, yes, do me, do me!"

Now her tongue went in, and I raised my ass off the bed, trying to make her go deeper. She got the hint and began to suck on my swollen pussy. Her hands were under my ass, holding me up as she teased my clit with her tongue.

I wanted her to get every bit of me. I threw my legs around her waist and dug my heels into her. She pulled my clit between her lips and circled it with her tongue. I let out a shout as I felt that wonderful feeling building up deep inside me and rushing to my pussy. As my torso rose off the bed, I cried, "Now, Darla, now! I'm coming! Eat me, baby. Yes!"

My orgasm was so strong, I couldn't catch my breath. Her lips covered my pussy, taking every drop of nectar I was willing to give her. I have no idea how long she went down on me. After what seemed like forever, she pulled away and looked up. I was getting some of my composure back, so I let my legs slip from her back and lifted her up to her knees. I took her lovely face in my hands and put my lips to hers. I tasted myself and wanted more, so I slid my tongue into her mouth.

Her arms wrapped around my waist, holding me as we kissed. Finally we separated, and she stood and pulled me to my feet. I peeked between her legs, and her thong was soaked. I let my fingers graze her crotch. "I think you might have gotten a little excited while you were doing me," I said. I put my fingers to my lips and stared straight into her eyes as I licked them clean.

"Darla," I said, "you taste every bit as good as I do. Want to see?" I put my fingers between her legs again, then held them up to her. She didn't bat an eye. She took my wrist, pulled my fingers into her mouth, and sucked them clean.

Then she said, "You know, Jen, I think you're right—I do taste good. Want to go for the real thing?"

I squeezed her hip and said, "Thought you'd never ask."

My orgasm was so strong, I couldn't catch my breath. Her lips covered my pussy, taking every drop of nectar I gave her. I grabbed two pillows and told her to lie on them. I wanted her ass to be really high when I went down on her. She turned to get on the bed, and I pulled the little strings on the sides of her thong, letting it fall to the floor. I'd just crawled up between her long legs when I heard my husband drive up.

If we hadn't been so horny, it probably would have been funny to see us getting dressed and racing into the kitchen before he came in. Darla was pouring wine and I was putting a salad together when he entered with the steaks.

He headed for the bedroom and we began to giggle. When Charlie came back into the kitchen he kissed me, then walked over and kissed Darla. He looked at us, laughed, and said, "Love your thong, Darla, and your panties, too, honey."

Both of us burst out laughing, but neither missed the bulge in his pants. I said, "Eat first, then hot tub, or the other way around?" Charlie thought for a quick minute, then said, "Best we eat first, or we won't eat at all. Besides, I'd love to hear how you two got to be such good friends."

Then we all laughed again as I set the table.—*J.G., Alabama*

SWEET TREAT

Imet Stephanie while we were working on our college newspaper. She was very attractive, but I never really thought anything would come of it. She seemed too nice and sweet, and besides, she still lived with her parents. I was sure she was a virgin, and I couldn't help fantasizing about deflowering this tender young woman.

Day after day, I surveyed her perky B-cup breasts, flat stomach, and tight ass, daydreaming about what it would be like to be the first man to make her come. I imagined myself on top of her, pounding deep inside, as she grunted with every stroke and dug her nails into my back.

One Saturday, she invited the newspaper staff for a get-together at her house. I was happy to go, though I expected nothing more exciting than a cookies-and-punch affair. At the party I mingled with everybody, but I couldn't help noticing that Stephanie kept looking my way. Every time I caught her, she would sheepishly turn away.

I finally went over to thank her for inviting me, and before I knew it we were talking like old friends.

Somehow the conversation turned to horses, and she told me about her collection of miniature horse figurines. She dragged me into an adjoining room to see it.

I complimented her on the collection, and she smiled proudly. We sat side by side on a couch, talking of this and that, and gradually we moved closer. The thought of balling this innocent young girl excited me, and I could feel my cock beginning to swell.

Before I knew it, Stephanie was sliding down the couch and putting her hand on my thigh. I didn't say a word as I looked into her eyes. Her hand slid up my thigh and onto my swollen shaft. She paused there, gently moving her hand back and forth. When I let out a soft moan, she quickly put a finger to her lips and told me to be quiet. I leaned back and closed my eyes as she stroked me through my pants.

The next thing I heard was the sound of my zipper. Stephanie unfastened my pants and pulled my throbbing rod from my boxers. We both watched as her hand gently moved up and down the length of my shaft. She took me by surprise when she moved closer and lowered her head. Her full red lips completely devoured my cock. The pleasure was unbelievable as I watched her head bob up and down and felt her soft, warm mouth engulf my tool. I couldn't help but moan with pleasure.

Stephanie stopped, putting a finger to my lips, repeating the warning to be quiet. I looked at her longingly, and she was soon back at work. Her lips moved in rhythm, up and down my shaft, while her hands caressed my chest. I tried to be quiet, but no dice.

Then Stephanie reached out, grabbed my hand, and placed it on my cock, guiding it up and down. She took her hand away, stood several feet in front of me, and unbuttoned her sundress. Her eyes never moved from my hand and cock. She let the dress drop to the floor. What remained was a sight to behold.

Stephanie had forgone a bra and panties. She stood boldly in front of me, the nipples of her beautiful breasts staring me down. Her trimmed pussy was practically in my face, so I dove right in. She was flowing like a faucet with juice that tasted like candy. She was overwhelmed with pleasure, tugging on my hair.

Just as I thought she was about to come, she pulled away. Once again,



she motioned for me to be quiet. She grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet. Then she took my place on the couch, lying facedown with her beautiful ass and dripping cunt exposed.

I caressed her ass with one hand while the other moved toward her dripping pussy. I slid a finger inside, and she let out a soft moan. I stopped and put a finger to my lips, reminding her to be quiet. She reached for a pillow as I began to massage her clit. She bit down in an attempt to contain

The pleasure was unbelievable as I watched her head bob up and down and felt her warm mouth engulf my tool.

her excitement, but it was no use. I stopped once again.

She looked at me with her eyes full of desire, grabbed my hand, and helped me mount her from behind. With my full weight on top of her body, I slid my cock inside her tight, wet pussy. She let out a groan as I entered, still trying to be quiet but unable to do so. My pace gradually increased, and soon I was pounding away, with every stroke going deeper inside. She let out a muffled grunt with each thrust.

I felt her pussy clench as she started to come. Her grunts turned to unrestrained moans as I pounded away. Her pussy gripped me like a vise, pushing me over the edge. I shot a load deep inside her, and finally her moans gave way to heavy breathing. Damn. had I been wrong about her being innocent!-L.M., Arizona

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HANDS-ON ATTENTION

Debi and I had already agreed that a threesome was the next step in our marriage. When we finally found the right partner, we checked into a fancy hotel and met Jason for dinner, making sure we had a corner booth. My wife sat next to me, stroking my already-hard cock—and Jason's—under the table. I rubbed her hot pussy often during the meal, and couldn't wait for dessert.

We finished our dinner and drinks, and took the elevator up to our reserved suite. Debi stood between Jason and me, her hands once again caressing our erections.

When we got to the suite, Debi left the room and returned in a new lacy negligee. My wife and I started kissing

Jason kissed his way down to her dripping snatch, and as soon as he began eating her out, she had her first orgasm. while Jason watched, then she led us to the bedroom so we could really get down to business. Jason and I positioned Debi between us on the king-size bed. Jason moved over to French kiss her, and I began sucking on her neck. Jason pulled down one strap of her negligee, and I took care of the other. Together we fondled her beautiful, 42DD breasts. When we licked and nibbled her sensitive nipples, she began to moan and squirm. When I touched her between her legs, she was soaking wet.

Suddenly, Jason pushed my hand out of the way and kissed his way down to her dripping snatch. As soon as he began eating her out, she had her first orgasm. Afterward, Debi unzipped my pants and exposed my hard cock, moved it to her mouth, and began sucking it. After a few minutes, I made my way from her big, hard nipples to her hot, juicy cunt, while Jason moved his cock up to her face.

As I watched Debi take him into her mouth, I lapped up her hot pussy juices. I couldn't wait to pound her

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while she was giving Jason a blowjob. I started slowly, but moved into a steady rhythm as she sucked his hard rod. Then I moved aside so she could turn around and suck her own juices from my cock while Jason slid into her wet cunt. As he banged her, she took my dick deep into her mouth. She sucked me up and down with his every thrust, which made it easy for her to slide on my shaft.

This went on for two hours, with each of us fulfilling our every desire. Finally, I filled Debi's pussy with my hot come with an explosion that shook the hotel room.

When I withdrew, my cock was soaked with both our juices. Debi turned so she could lick them off, and Jason moved over to bang her cunt again. While she sucked me dry, he fucked her hard till he blew his wad deep into her sopping pussy. We both kissed her and thanked her for the wonderful sex party.

This was the first three-way for us, but we agreed it would not be our last. We had a great time, and we're looking forward to our next meeting with Jason.-T.K., Idaho

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

The first time my sister Janey came home from college, she brought her roommate, Caroline, a voluptuous blonde with an amazing tan. She wasn't shy and she liked to party. If everything she said about herself was true, she also liked to fuck. I would have done anything to screw her. She was only a year older, but to her I was just her roommate's kid brother.

The next time Janey came home was during spring break. My parents were away, so Caroline stayed for the entire week, partying with Janey. One night, Janey and Caroline went barhopping with some college friends. Janey's boyfriend was going to meet up with them, and I'm sure Caroline was hoping to bring a guy back to the house and fuck his brains out.

As Jason banged her, Debi took my dick deep into her mouth and sucked me up and down with his every thrust.

I had my own plans and headed to a party a few blocks away. Hours later, when the party started to die down, I went home. The house was dark, so I assumed the girls were still out. When I reached my room, I flicked on the light and found Caroline naked in my bed. Her legs were spread wide and she was rubbing her clit with one hand and squeezing her nipples with the other. She was so into what she was doing that neither the sudden light nor my presence caused her to

"Hey, Caroline," I said. "You're back early." I couldn't think of anything else to say. I also couldn't take my eyes off her. Her body was everything I'd imagined. Her tits were huge, she had a tiny patch of blonde hair between her smooth legs, and her toenails were painted red. Was this a belated 18th-birthday present?

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "Janey's boyfriend is staying over and I didn't want to crash in your parents' room."

"No problem," I said, as I closed the door and began pulling my clothes off. I was down to my briefs when I noticed Caroline was no longer looking me in the face. Her gaze had shifted to the obvious tent in my briefs.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked. "Of course," I said.

"I am so fucking horny right now that if you promise to keep your mouth shut, I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked by any of your girlfriends. I'll suck your cock. I'll let you lick my clit and suck my tits, and I'll even let you fuck me in the ass if you want. So, can you keep it a secret?"

"Caroline," I said, trying to sound as sincere as I could while removing my briefs, "I'll take your secret with me to my grave."

"Good. Now get over here," she said.

She didn't have to ask twice. I went toward the bed and Caroline took hold of my cock, marveling at its thickness. She sat up, took the head in her mouth, and swirled her tongue around it, creating unbelievable sensations throughout my body. Then she took my entire length down her throat. She was really doing a number on my dick, but as awesome as it felt,

I was dying to get a taste of her pussy. I pulled my swollen cock out of her mouth and joined her on the bed, pulling her on top of me in a sixtynine. I licked up and down the length of Caroline's slit, eliciting a loud sigh from her. Using my thumbs, I opened her pussy and tongue-fucked her.

Caroline had taken my cock in her mouth again and was licking around it like it was an ice-cream cone. She started at the top, then once again deep-throated me, releasing me every now and then to lick my balls. As I got close to coming, I wanted to make sure she hit the jackpot, too. Now, I know that the pussy gets all the good press, but when you play the asshole just right, in conjunction with the pussy, you can hit a girl's pleasure center, sending

She rose to her knees and I rubbed my dick along her pussy, getting it wet. Then I pushed the head of my cock into her asshole.

















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spikes of ecstasy through her body. I lightly licked around Caroline's asshole while inserting my fingers into her pussy. She purred in contentment. Using her juices to lubricate my fingers, I moved my fingers to her backdoor. I slowly stuck my index finger up her ass and flicked my tongue over her clit. As I quickly moved my finger in and out of her asshole, I sucked harder on her clit. In seconds, Caroline started moaning and shaking as her orgasm ripped through her.

We were quiet for a few minutes, and I knew I shouldn't push my luck, but I couldn't stop myself. "You have no idea how much I've wanted—"

"Yeah. Listen, Drew," she said, cutting me off. "Let's be real. I'm in college in Boston and you're here, plus you're my best friend's younger brother, so why don't we just enjoy tonight?"

I couldn't hide my disappointment, but if this was it, I'd take what I could get. I pulled Caroline's huge tits together and stuck my cock between them, stroking in and out while Caroline licked the top whenever she could reach it. I rolled her over onto her stomach and spread her ass cheeks apart. Then I squeezed, kissed, and licked that magnificent ass up and down the crack, my fingers playing with her asshole.

"That's it," she said. "Play with my asshole, baby, get it good and ready for your hard cock."

She rose to her knees and I rubbed my dick back and forth along her pussy, getting it wet. I pushed just the head of my cock into her asshole. She exhaled deeply as I slowly stuffed her with my entire length.

"Oh ... my ... God!" Caroline exclaimed. "That feels so intense. Don't stop—fuck my ass faster!"

I drove my cock in and out of her harder, as she had instructed.

"Yeah, that's it," she rasped.

We were both out of breath, and Caroline's body glistened with a fine sheen of sweat. Finally, I could take no more, and neither could she.

"I'm coming," I moaned.
"Give it to me," she gasped.
I felt my jizz shoot up my shaft like a
missile leaving the silo.

I talked Caroline into taking a quick shower, and we fucked twice more that night. In the morning, we both acted like nothing had happened, but every time she stayed over after that, we hooked up for latenight sex.—D.H., Connecticut

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Statement of ownership management and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: Penthouse. 2. Publication number: 5018-5000. 3. Date of filing: October 1st, 2012. 4. Frequency of issue: Monthly except combined July/August. 5. No. of issues published annually: 11. Annual subscription rate: \$32. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: General Media Communications, Inc. 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005-2610. 8, Complete mailing address of headguarters of general offices of publishers: General Media Communications, Inc. 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005-2610. 9. Full names and complete mailing addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005-2610. Editor: Barbara Rice Thompson, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005-2610. Managing Editor: Christine Colby, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005-2610, 10, Owner; a, General Media Communications, Inc., 6800 Broken Sound Parkway, Suite 200, Boca Raton, FL 33487. b. FriendFinder Networks Inc., 6800 Broken Sound Parkway, Suite 200, Boca Raton, FL 33487. c. Marc H. Bell, 6800 Broken Sound Parkway, Suite 200, Boca Raton, FL 33487. d. Staton Family Investments, LTD, 6800 Broken Sound Parkway, Suite 200, Boca Raton, FL 33487. e. Staton Family Perpetual Trust, 6800 Broken Sound Parkway, Suite 200, Boca Raton, FL 33487. f. Mapstead Trust, Created April 16, 2002, 180 Horizon Way, Aptos, CA 95003. g. Florescue Family Corporation, c/o Century Financial Group, Inc., 50 E. Sample Rd., Pompano Beach, FL 33064. h. Absolute Income Fund, L.P., c/o Lainston International Management Ltd, Suite 4-213-4, Governors Square, PO Box 31298, Grand Cayman, KY1-1206, Cayman Islands. i. Andrew B. Conru Trust Agreement, 2125 1st Ave #2904, Seattle WA 98121. j. 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Mailed In-County Paid Subscriptions Slated on PS Form 3541 (include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copes, and exchange copies): O. 3. Paid Distribution Outside the Mails Including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS: 42,042. 4. Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS: O. (C) Total Paid Distribution: 109,280. (D) 1. Free or Nominal Rate Outside-County Copies included on PS Form 3541: 215. 2. Free or Nominal Rate In-County Copies Included on PS Form 3541: O. 3. Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS: O. 4. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution Outside the Mail: 2,543. (E) Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution: 2,758. (F) Total Distribution: 112,038. (G) Copies not Distributed: 116,760. (H) Total: 228,798. (I) Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 97.5. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: (A) Total no. of copies: 206,3811. (B) Paid circulation (by mail and outside the mail). 1. Mailed Outside-County Paid Subscriptions Slated on PS Form 3541 (include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies): 61,126. 2. Mailed In-County Paid Subscriptions Slated on PS Form 3541 (include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copes, and exchange copies): O. 3. Paid Distribution Outside the Mails Including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS: 38,187. 4. Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS: O. (C) Total Paid Distribution: 99,313. (D) 1. Free or Nominal Rate Outside-County Copies included on PS Form 3541: 202. 2. Free or Nominal Rate In-County Copies Included on PS Form 3541: O. 3. Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS: O. 4. 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Pet Playdate

Our annual Pet of the Year Playoff always elicits titillating anticipation of a new Queen, but also the unhappy knowledge that it's time to send off our current Pet of the Year. And while we're sure we'll be seeing Jenna Rose again in these pages, this photo shoot with 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci provides the perfect chance to enjoy the lustful loveliness of our 2012 Pet of the Year one more time.







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